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LILAC-TIDE.

BY MAURICE DAVIS.

The time of lilac fades:
  The laburnum's golden chain
Dies in the May-decked glades;
  It is long ere it comes again.
The hawthorn's white arcades
  Grow green in the summer rain.

As I breathe their odors sweet,
  With a dear one by my side,
I think, though with footstep fleet
  The summers and winters glide,
As long as with her I meet
  It is always lilac-tide.

For swiftly the moments flow
  With a sense of life sublime,
Be it 'mid hawthorn-snow,
  Or the cold and wintry rime—
In Love's Summerland, we know,
  It is always lilac-time.

In a Weak Moment.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WIFE'S SISTER," "FLINT AND STEEL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

MR. PIERPOINT remains for a few minutes longer talking to Blanche, who has evidently marked him for her own. Then dinner is announced, and he hurries away to play his part as host and conduct a titled dowager to the dining-room, while Sir Philip makes his way to Mrs. Wytcherley, and Blanche is escorted by the Rector of Crumlech.

To Grisel's share falls a tall lanky young man with a pale face, an incipient lisp, and an eyeglass. He has only two ideas—one, horses, the other, the stage—and he rings the changes upon both through the whole twelve courses, till by the time they come to an end Grisel begins to feel as though he had rendered her as idiotic as himself.

On her return to the drawing-room Grisel finds herself seated by Lady Deane.

"Do you or your sister play or sing, Miss Wytcherley?"

"I sing a little, and Blanche plays."

"I am so glad. Now we can have some music. Will you sing something by-and-by?"

"If I can—but I have no songs with me."

"That doesn't matter. I do a little in the singing way myself, so does Alan—only he sings well, I don't. But I have all the new songs, so you can look them over."

She rises as she speaks, and leads the way to the piano, whereon lies a goodly pile of music, which she proceeds to turn over.

"I have been wondering," she begins abruptly, "whether I could induce you to take pity and come here to stay with me for a few days next week. Nearly all the people who are coming then are comparative strangers, and it would be so nice to have somebody to talk to in a friendly way. I have taken a fancy to you, Grisel—I may call you Grisel, may I not?—laying her hand with a pretty gesture on the other's arm—"and I should so like to have you if you care to come, and your mother will spare you."

"Thank you; I should like to come very much," Grisel answers heartily. "I want a friend badly, too. Somehow I fancy I must be different from other girls, because there are so few of them I can get on with. Blanche has a dozen friends where I have only one."

"Well, we will be friends, at any rate," her ladyship says, with her smile; "and I shall speak to your mother this very evening about your coming. Here are the gentlemen. Alan"—addressing her brother as he passes them—"come and help Miss Wytcherley to choose a song."

"With pleasure. Do you sing soprano or contralto?"

"Contralto. Here is 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' a great favorite of mine. I will sing that."

"And how did you and Donald get home the other evening?" Mr. Pierpoint asks, as he draws forth the song she has chosen from the others.

For one moment Grisel is startled. Then, as she meets the quizzical glance of those well-remembered blue eyes, she quickly recovers herself.

"Very well indeed, thank you," she replies calmly. "It was very kind of you to think of sending him with me."

"He is a decent sort of fellow, don't you think?"

"Yes, and superior rather; but I think he presumes too much."

"Presumes?"

Mr. Pierpoint's eyes open wide.

"Yes; he actually had the impertinence"—Grisel throws up her head with a haughty gesture—"to argue with me about the right of way over my property."

"Indeed? How very dreadful of him! And I suppose you annihilated him on the spot?"

"I don't know about annihilating him—I fancy he is too bumptious for that—but I told him exactly what I thought of his conduct. The worst of it is"—picking up the fan which hangs from her waist and intensely studying the garland of yellow chrysanthemums painted thereon—"that I feel under an obligation to him now, and it is awkward—not to say vexing."

"Yes, it must be rather," Mr. Pierpoint answers absently. "Why didn't you give him something—a pour-boire, for instance?"

"Well"—a gleam of fun coming into her hazel eyes—"I have thought of that, but the other evening, unfortunately, I had nothing with me. I couldn't have given him less than a sovereign, because he rescued my Persian kitten from being lost in the woods. He had to go right across the stream to fetch him. Dear me"—suddenly breaking into a peal of soft rippling laughter—"he did look so funny going across on a very rickety bough, like a rope dancer, with his arms spread out and his body swaying to and fro! I should have laughed outright, but that it was in my service he was making such an exhibition of himself."

Grisel glances furtively at Mr. Pierpoint at the conclusion of her speech, and sees that he looks as angry as she could possibly desire.

"Poor Donald," he remarks bitterly, "how delighted he would be to know that you only made fun of him in return for the cold bath he got."

"Yes, but he won't know it unless you tell him; which I am sure you would not do," is the composed reply.

Lady Deane then coming up to beg for a song, Grisel sits down and sings "Kathleen Mavourneen" in her best style, charming her hearers by the power and sweetness of an exquisite and well-trained voice.

Mr. Pierpoint does not approach her again, but makes himself agreeable to Blanche instead, singing two songs at her request in a sympathetic tenor voice, which makes Grisel wish that she did not feel so antagonistic towards him.

Blanche is loud in his praises when going home.

"He is quite the most charming man I have ever met!" she exclaims enthusiastically.

"What, more charming than Mr. Hayes?" comes from the farther corner, where Grisel has ensconced herself.

"There is no comparison between them," is the coldly-spoken reply. Blanche does not care to be reminded of Gordon Hayes when she has another admirer in tow. "By-the-way, Grisel," she goes on, "did you discover the extraordinary likeness supposed to exist between Mr. Pierpoint and his gamekeeper? I cannot think that there can really be much resemblance between them."

"There is, though. They are exactly alike, only I really fancy the gamekeeper is the better-looking of the two."

"Grisel, impossible! Well, I must and will see this wonderful Donald Murcheson!"

* * * * * *

The invitation from Lady Deane to Grisel arrives in due course, and causes unheard-of jealousy to Blanche, who considers that, as the elder sister, she ought to have a prior claim to be invited. That Grisel should have the chance of being under the same roof with the man who she has made up her mind shall propose to herself is gall and wormwood.

Some private theatricals, of which Grisel has already heard, have been fixed for the second week in November, to be followed by a ball. Blanche endeavors to console herself with the thought that, at any rate, she will be asked to take part in the tableaux; and she is not disappointed.

Lady Deane comes over to fetch Grisel, and asks the elder Miss Wytcherley, to her intense satisfaction, to take a leading role in the tableaux. Blanche almost feels consoled now for being left out in the cold with regard to the visit to Garth, and ceases her constant complaints forthwith. She is to spend a day at the Court, during Grisel's sojourn there, in order to help in arranging the tableaux and judge of the efficiency of the actors who have volunteered their services.

It is a strange sensation to Grisel to be located all at once in the house of Mr. Pierpoint, and on terms of the closest intimacy with his sister, whom she daily finds more charming and lovable.

Lady Deane, on her part, fully appreciates Grisel's sweet nature and warm generous heart, and more than once the thought strikes her that the girl would make an excellent wife for her brother. The idea is however disappointedly set aside as she notes how cold is Grisel's manner towards him—how outwardly indifferent his towards her.

Grisel has been a few days at the Court when, coming down rather earlier than usual to breakfast, she finds Mr. Pierpoint the sole occupant of the dining-room. He has a pile of letters before him, and is opening and reading them as though anxious to get through the bulk of his correspondence before the rest of the household make their appearance.

He pushes them aside however as Grisel enters, and greets her with a courteous "Good morning," followed by a stereotyped remark upon the weather, which is fair and bright for the first week in November.

There is a certain embarrassment always between these two whenever they find themselves tete-a-tete, a certain reserve, arising perhaps from the little "joke" which each keeps up so steadily.

"Yes, it is a lovely morning," Grisel responds as she gives him her hand. "Are there any letters for me? I suppose not."

"Yes, one."

He hands it to her as he speaks. It has been forwarded from Braeside, and is a queer-looking epistle, written in a cramped illiterate-looking hand. Miss Wytcherley takes it over to the window and proceeds to make herself mistress of its contents, which are as follows—

"'Onerd miss—I aint no scholler, and you'll excus writtin and spelin, but me and my maits has made up our minds to ask you to let us go threw that publik wark as we ave bin ust to do afore you cum hear. 'Onerd miss, it cums very hard on the wurking men when they has to go rite round by Crumlech Falls to get to there wurk, and I make bold to say, 'onerd miss, as your to good a lady to tak bread out of our mouths, cos we loses our plaice when were late. Pleas to let us go threw and oblige,

"Your humbel servant,

"JOHN GRIGG."

Grisel reads the letter through twice, then folds it together and comes back to the table.

"Another epistle about that wretched public path!" she exclaims, laughing rather nervously. "A most unique composition, and the man actually signs his name—generally the letters I get are anonymous. Would you like to read it? It is rather a curiosity."

Mr. Pierpoint bows gravely as she places it before him, and she sees his face take a stern expression she has never noticed there before.

"Are you still determined to prevent these poor people from using that short cut to Crumlech across your grounds?" he asks, as he hands the letter back to her.

"Yes," she replies shortly.

"Your bailiff stopped me yesterday," he goes on, with a grim smile.

"Yes?"—raising her eyebrows. "Dunstable is a very efficient guardian of my property."

"And I heard the other day that he had stopped poor old widow Hilson, who keeps fowls and takes the eggs to sell in the market there twice a week. Of course the poor old soul can't walk all that distance round by the Falls, so she lost the little bit of money she might have made."

"Did she complain to you?"

Grisel speaks haughtily—in the manner she has so often adopted towards the gamekeeper. Mr. Pierpoint smiles to himself.

"No—it was Dunstable himself who told me," he replies; "and I gave him a piece of my mind."

"It was very kind of you"—witheringly—"considering he is serving my interests."

"Pardon me, Miss Wytcherley, you cannot call it your interests to be hard upon the poor," is the grave, almost stern reply.

"I am not hard upon the poor: and, if you are so anxious for their welfare, why don't you have a path made through your property?"

"Simply because it would take as long going by it as if they went round by Crumlech Falls."

"It is a very bad plan," Grisel goes on—speaking crossly because she feels ready to cry over poor Mrs. Hilson's disappointment—"to make a path public; the people ever after claim it as a right of way, whereas in truth it is a privilege."

"And a very great privilege it is to the villagers at Brant Fell, I can assure you. I don't believe you are so hard-hearted as you make out, Miss Wytcherley: Donald says you are not."

"How dare Donald discuss me?" is the angry retort; and Grisel is about to proceed to further abuse of the unlucky gamekeeper, when Lady Deane opportunely makes her appearance.

"They have been quarreling," Lady Deane thinks. "I wonder why it is they

cannot fagree? She is so charming, and dear old Alan is amiability itself!"

After breakfast the whole male contingent at the Court betake themselves into the neighboring woods, where very soon the whir of the pheasants and the echoing reports of the guns disturb the silent solitude.

Grisel spends the morning writing letters and helping Lady Deane to send out the invitations for the theatricals and ball. She must go to Brunt Fell village this afternoon on business, and she decides to walk, notwithstanding her hostess's expostulations and entreaties that she will take the carriage.

So directly after luncheon she sets forth, revelling in the freedom and the keen fresh mountain-air as she walks briskly along with the light elastic step of youth and health. Her destination is a small cottage in the village street, at the door of which stands a comely-looking old dame throwing corn to a baton of hungry chickens.

She looks somewhat surprised at the sight of the young lady who opens the little gate and comes up the walk towards her, the look changing to one of almost reproachful inquiry as she recognizes Miss Wytcherley of Braeside. She drops a courtesy however in response to the kindly-spoken "Good day," and waits for the young lady to speak.

"You are Mrs. Hilson, I believe?"

"Yes, ma'am. Would you please to walk in?"

"I have come," Grisel begins rather hesitatingly, as she seats herself in the chair which the old lady draws forward and carefully dusts with her apron, "to say how sorry I am that you should have been turned off the walk through my grounds the other day."

Mrs. Hilson drops another curtesy again.

"Well, ma'am," she answers civilly, "I did think it rather cruel of Mr. Dunstable to turn me back, because he knows quite well as I can't get the other long way into the town; but he said as he had the young lady's orders."

"He was quite right. I have been very much annoyed lately, as people seem to think they have a right to go through my private grounds just whenever they choose, because Lady Manvers allowed them to do so."

"Ay, ma'am, she were very kind were my lady!" interpolates Mrs. Hilson.

"But I don't wish to make myself a bugbear to everybody," Grisel goes on, not heeding the interruption, "and particularly in your case or that of others who lose money by not being able to take the short cut. I came to tell you that, from this time, I give you full permission to go through the walk whenever you like; and I have written it here so that you can show it if any one stops you."

"Thank you kindly, I'm sure, ma'am!" Mrs. Hilson's face beams again as she takes the folded paper which Grisel holds out to her.

"And, as you lost the sale of your eggs through me the other day, you must take this to make up for it"—laying a sovereign on the table.

"Oh, ma'am, but I didn't lose all that!" is the reply, as the woman half draws back, afraid perhaps that, in her eagerness to possess the piece of gold, she should be guilty of dishonesty.

"That doesn't matter; you can buy some coals with what is over. Now, how much do you make a week in Crumlech by your eggs?"

"About three shillings each time, ma'am, just now—that's six shillings a week. But prices vary, and sometimes I don't make so much."

"But it is a long way for you to go."

"It is that, ma'am; and sometimes, when I has the rheumatix upon me, I feels as if I couldn't never get there. But what's a body to do?"

"Can you not sell your eggs nearer home?"

"Not reg'lar, ma'am. Sometimes folks 'll buy them, sometimes not; it don't do to trust 'em."

"But, if we took one basket at Braeside and another went to Garth, how would that be?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I could do well then, if it was regular. Mr. Pierpoint is very kind to me—that is what I was going to tell you, ma'am, about the money. He come in here the day after I was turned back and says to me, says he, 'Never you mind, Mrs. Hilson; I'll pay you your six shillings a week if you can't get to Crumlech'—and then he lays down half-a-sovereign for that week there and then; so you see, ma'am, I've really not lost anything, although I'd rather sell my eggs and be independent like."

"Of course. You must tell Mr. Pierpoint that you have found customers now for your eggs nearer home, and that you don't need any more money. But don't say that I had anything to do with it, because Mr. Pierpoint and I don't quite agree about the right of way, and he has been scolding me. But I never meant to be unkind, and especially in your case."

"Very well, ma'am; and thank ye kindly."

"Say no more, Mrs. Hilson; I must make you some amends, you know," Grisel answers, with the sweet smile none can resist. "What sort of people are the Griggs?" she asks abruptly, changing the subject.

"Very decent folks indeed, ma'am. Grigg himself is a sober hard-working man, and his wife as tidy a body as you'd wish to see. They live close by—the third cottage from mine."

"Thank you; I will go and see Mrs. Grigg. Good afternoon!"—and, followed by the delighted Mrs. Hilson's thanks and blessing, Miss Wytcherley takes her departure.

There is considerable excitement in Brunt Fell village after the young mistress of Braeside has left; and Jeremiah Dunstable has serious thoughts of resigning his post as Miss Wytcherley's bailiff.

"Giving in to 'em like that," he grumbles, "and me looking like a fool! But they shan't come through that walk more'n twice a day—hanged if they shall; and, my word, I'll take it out of the tramps! Just let me catch one o' them trying to pass through and they'll find themselves kicking their heels in the lock-up!"

The thought of her promise to be back by tea-time causes Grisel to hasten her steps as she reaches Garth woods, which look gloomy enough shut out from the golden light of sunset.

She has not proceeded far when she suddenly hears the sound of footsteps coming towards her through the crackling leaves which strew the ground. She feels a little nervous. Suppose it should be from tramps or gipsies? Well, there is one comfort—she has not much money left.

The footsteps come nearer and nearer, and Grisel's heart begins to beat faster and faster, till at length two tall figures come from out the thickest parts of the wood into the path immediately in front of her. Grisel recognizes the taller of the two at once—it is Mr. Pierpoint, while the other is unmistakably a gamekeeper and must be Donald Murcheson himself.

Mr. Pierpoint raises his hat as he sees Miss Wytcherley, and stops short.

"Then you can tell him, Donald, that I will think over that matter and let him know. He is not to do anything more he hears from me—you understand?" she hears him say.

"Yes, sir."

"You had better go at once down to the village and see about it. I dare say Miss Wytcherley will allow you, for once, to take the short cut through your property"—looking with a grave face but laughing eyes at Grisel.

"Of course," she answers coldly; "but my permission is surely needless. You generally go by it—don't you?"—addressing the keeper.

"No, ma'am; my master has forbidden me to use it," the man replies, touching his hat respectfully.

Grisel regards him attentively. He certainly does bear an extraordinary resemblance to Mr. Pierpoint, but is not so tall, and more clumsily built. He could never have displayed the agility with which his master crossed the stream that day, the girl thinks. Besides, he is not nearly so handsome as Mr. Pierpoint; his features are coarser, the eyes dark, small, and deep set. No fear of any one mistaking him for a gentleman.

"Well, what do you think of Donald now?" Mr. Pierpoint asks, as the man, after a few more directions for his master, touches his hat and walks away, while the latter turns back with Miss Wytcherley.

"You must first kindly inform me which is Donald," she answers quietly—"you or the man who has just gone? I am rather bewildered between you."

"Well, I must say it was in the first instance your own doing, Miss Wytcherley. You jumped to the conclusion that I was the gamekeeper; and in a weak moment I gave way to my irresistible propensity for practical joking and allowed you to think so."

"I don't see the joke at all," she says severely, "but I kept up the farce afterwards to pay you out, for of course I knew directly I saw you that evening we dined at Garth that you had been playing a trick upon me."

"And hence the allusion to Mr. Hyde, I suppose," Alan remarks drily.

"Well, as you were personating two people, I think the allusion was very apt," she answers.

"That walk home in the fog was the most delightful and amusing I have ever had," Mr. Pierpoint goes on after a pause.

"It was amusing. I thought I should have died of suppressed laughter." Mr. Pierpoint joins in her mirth.

"Come, Miss Wytcherley," he says at length. "I am sure you enjoyed the joke as much as I did, therefore forgive me for it and let us be friends?"

He stops in the middle of the path as he speaks, and holds out his hand. Grisel halts, too, and stands before him, the color mounting to her cheeks, her eyelids drooping. Presently she raises her head and looks at him full with those lovely eyes whose every expression he is beginning to know by heart.

"You refused to shake hands with me once," she says softly.

"Not I—that was Donald. You ought not to have offered him your hand, you know; he was only——"

Grisel does not give him time to finish the sentence. She throws up her head haughtily and walks on. How dare he remind her that he considered her forward and unladylike!

"Miss Wytcherley — Grisel — don't be angry—I was only joking! If you had only known what hard work I had to keep to my role when you thanked me so prettily that evening, you would have pitied me. Come—shake hands, and don't be naughty and unkind to me any more."

He is walking beside her again, and his accents sound more than ordinarily soft and tender as he bends till his head is on a level with hers.

"You must promise, then, never to say I was forward and—and unlady-like again!" she rejoins.

"Forward—unladylike? What do you mean?"

"You—you said I ought not to have offered to shake hands with——"

"I? Nonsense! I never even hinted at such a dreadful thing! I was only teasing you—you know that. Well"—holding out his hand—"are we to be friends?"

For answer she lays her hand in his for one moment, then draws it quickly away, and walks on at such a rate that he has hard work to keep up with her.

"Are you walking for a wager?" he asks, laughing.

"No; I want my tea, and I promised your sister Mabel I would be back in time for it."

"Oh! Is it a rude question to inquire where you have been this afternoon?"

"I have been down to the village to see Dunstable about that right of way."

Mr. Pierpoint looks at her keenly for a moment. Grisel's pretty face wears the look of determination which always comes there with every mention of her grievance. Of course she has been down to the bailiff to command him for his vigilance, and Alan Pierpoint begins to feel disgusted with her again; the spell which she had a while ago cast over him has vanished.

She can no doubt make herself irresistibly charming when she chooses, but she is cold-hearted and callous by nature. Mr. Pierpoint is strangely silent, his companion thinks, during the rest of the walk home, and his face has grown stern, almost sad. He is no doubt regretting that his little practical joke is played out, and that he can no longer tease her about the gamekeeper. He does not look very friendly either, although he made such a fuss about shaking hands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"PEARL-HUNTING" NEAR CEYLON.—The Ceylon "pearl-hunting" takes place in March, when the sea is calmest, without being cold, and the currents are least strong. About one hundred and fifty boats assemble, each containing five diving-stones and two divers to each stone.

The squadron is divided into the Red and the Blue, each embracing about seventy boats, and it starts at midnight from the shore, so as to reach the pearl-banks by sunrise. The pearl captain is called Adigar, and he is allowed the use of one boat as payment. There is much to do beforehand alongshore in blessing the boats and uttering spells against sharks and drowning, and the crews often embark a priest with them.

The divers take it in turns to descend. Many of them compress their nostrils with pincers of bamboo, and stop their ears with cotton or beeswax to keep off the pressure of the water, which at seven or eight fathoms is considerable. They fasten a net round the waist, and, putting a stone between their feet, they slide overboard.

Arrived at the bottom, they sweep into their net the oysters within their reach, give the rope a jerk, and are hauled up again, gasping, faint and livid. Few can keep below longer than a hundred seconds, and the men return in a very exhausted condition, though practice works wonders in this respect. They never eat previously to diving, and generally sleep a little after it, before partaking of any food or drink. To go down twelve or fourteen times is a very hard day's work; and, if the weather is at all unfavorable, with cold wind or rough water, three or four dives are all that will be ventured.

The day's fishing over, the boats make sail or paddle back to shore, and discharge their oysters at the Government "Kottoo." The take is divided into four large heaps, of which one belongs to the squadron, the other three to the Government. These last are sorted out into piles of a thousand oysters, and each pile is sold by public auction.

Ezech Elchanan.

BY O. G. W.

IT was on a day of the Carnival, when fun, and even pretty rough fun, was indulged in, that a drunken officer of the king's army staggered through the Jewish quarter of Cracow.

With difficulty he kept his feet; and occasionally, as he went along singing in an unsteady voice or loudly cursing the Hebrews, he would enter a merchant's stall and pull its trembling occupant out into the street and strike him with the flat of his heavy sword.

His hatred for the Jews, which had been inaugurated and augmented by service under Hetman Bogdan Ehmielnitzki, in the Ukraine and in Galicia, where thousands of that unfortunate race had been mercilessly butchered, turned, however, to a brutal liking for their wives and daughters when they appeared.

To these he displayed his gallantry by pulling away the frontlets of such as came within his reach, or by tearing the silk caftan that enveloped some pretty form.

He would catch a trembling Jewess roughly by the arm and pollute with his brandy-laden lips the sweet, red, pleading mouth innocently turned up to him, and before he would leave the frightened creature go would slap her tender face with his big, rough hands and cry: "You are pale, Rebecca, but I will paint your pretty cheeks."

The Jews feared this brute, not for himself, but for the troops he could call to him in a moment's time, and for the harm he could do through them.

He staggered here and there, and at last came to the house of the merchant prince, Jonas. Here the door was suddenly closed upon him and locked; but Luna, the pretty daughter of Jonas, was unfortunate enough to show her lovely face, just beginning to bear the beauty of young womanhood, and the man had instantly formed an idea.

In a moment he was at the window, where he had seen for an instant the frightened face. Luna, trembling with fear, hid herself behind some bales of merchandise.

Without a moment's hesitation the besotted Pole broke in the window, and, crawling through the sash and trampling under foot the prostrate form of the merchant, caught Luna by her long, black, silken hair, and dragged her, half-fainting, toward the well.

"I'll christen you," shrieked the drunken brute, "and then, by the arrows of holy Sebastian, you'll be my wife!"

"Away! away from his violence!" cried the Jews in the streets and from their windows.

The excitement was at its height. The drunken wretch had dragged the screaming girl to the brink of the well and was about to throw her into the deep, freezing water, when, with a startling cry, a young man of twenty dashed out of the crowd, and rushing toward the fainting girl clasped her about the waist and tore her from the hands of her heartless persecutor.

It was Ezech Elchanan, Luna's brave lover, a scholar of the order known in those days by the name of Bachow, whose members devoted all their life, mind and labor to the study of the Mosaic law, the Talmud and the Cabala. All the Jews knew him, and he was a favorite of all.

With a string of horrible oaths the Pole turned on him. "What business have you

to interfere, soulless dog of a Jew!" he cried.

"Give me back the girl! Dare not to touch me," quietly answered Elchanan, his black eyes flashing, "and don't come near this maiden."

"You threaten me, unbeliever?" shrieked the officer, wild with rage, at the same time striking at the brave youth.

His only answer, and the last he ever received, was a terrible blow on the head from the fist of Ezech. The Pole tottered and fell, and lay motionless on the ground.

Instantly the cry came from all quarters: "Is he dead? Has he killed the brute?"

Ezech turned the man over, looked into the pale, upturned face a moment, then said quietly, "He is dead. So be it."

Loud cries of "flee" filled the air; windows closed, doors banged, locks were sprung, and soon not a soul was to be seen. Ezech carried the fainting Luna, pale as a lily, to the house and into her chamber, where he placed her tenderly on a couch.

"Oh, Ezech, what have you done! what have you done!" cried the weeping girl, covering her streaming eyes with her hands.

"I have saved your honor, your life, at the sacrifice of a heartless murderer," was the proud answer of the brave lover.

"You have done right, my hero, my own," said the girl, bravely drying her tears, "but what will become of you, oh, what will become of you? If they find you here they will pull the house down to get you; and oh, to think of my noble champion being torn asunder on the rack!"

"I must escape from here," answered the young man.

"But how, and where to?" asked Luna.

"Help me out of Cracow and I will manage the rest," said Elchanan.

Luna thought for a moment, then called her father and her old servant. While the father shaved Ezech, the daughter sheared him of his beautiful, black, curly hair. The servant was sent to kill some poultry. Then they put on the young man a faded head-band, an old working-woman's dress and a large threadbare caftan. The servant soon returned with a large basket, containing several killed geese.

The transformed Ezech took this on his arm, and Luna led him out a back way to the street. It was not a moment too soon. Scarcely had he time to kiss his sweetheart's soft, red lips and whisper a fond good-by, when there was a noise that shook the house, the front door flew open, and a body of soldiers rushed in and demanded the murderer. While the men were searching and swearing through the house Elchanan, the old goose woman, made his way safely to the river, and was taken across to the opposite shore in a boat. Here he soon met a farmer's team. The farmer could not withstand the pleadings of a tired old woman, so he allowed Ezech to ride with him in the wagon.

Without further adventures he finally reached the capital of Warsaw, where at some merchant friends of his father he reappeared in his usual attire, and on the same day he joined the ranks of the Polish king's army as a private.

It was in the year 1655, in the stirring times when King John Casimir was beset by enemies on all sides and fought almost simultaneously with Russians and Cossacks, Charles X of Sweden and his ally, and with Rakoczy of Transylvania. Poland was on the brink of dissolution. Already the Russians, with their Cossack confederates, had taken Smolensk and Wilna, and were moving south toward Lemberg. And now appeared Charles Gustavus of Sweden on the battle-field, his army and dissatisfied nobility in open arms.

As the Swedes neared Warsaw King John Casimir withdrew into Silesia. His troops banded together in the capital, but could only offer a weak resistance. Here it was that Ezech Elchanan first distinguished himself. In the thickest of the fight a Swedish officer gave the order for his troops to make a charge. The Poles were well nigh vanquished, and the officers, almost fatigued to death, were ready to surrender. The Swede had not time to finish his command, for quick as lightning flash Elchanan flew at him, tore him from his horse, and bore him a prisoner through the bleeding, fighting ranks.

When Warsaw was taken most of the Poles went over to the Swedish King; and there were only a few trusty men who under cover of night took refuge with Ezech Elchanan in the Monastery of Ezenstochowo. Swedes and Russians overran all Poland, and the king had lost his throne.

When the last awful battle was over and Ezech, who had fought like a lion, all covered with blood, sank down to rest himself, the noble Augustine Kordezki, prior of the order of Pauline, approached him and, taking his hand, said warmly: "Jew, you well deserve the name of Pole. May heaven reward your bravery."

A number of the faithful soldiers gathered at Ezenstochowo and, under the guidance of this great priest, prayed for the delivery of their beloved land. Their example was followed by others. Soon it was known throughout the whole kingdom; and as an answer to their prayers their force increased until at the end of the eventful year, on the 19th day of December, 1655, a confederation against Charles of Sweden was formed and the beloved King John was recalled. Now Ezech was in part rewarded for his services. He was made an officer and called, after his native city, Cracowsky. The king took his place at the head of his reunited army, and with his generals made a brave stand against the enemy.

In a lucky moment King John obtained the aid of Denmark, and the war soon ended, though not before our new-named hero had acquired fresh glory; and when, with the treaty of Praga, hostilities ceased, he found himself commander of a regiment brave and beloved by all the army.

From position in the field he came to position at court. He was spoken of in every household, and praise went with his name from the lowest to the highest.

The Queen heard of his noble service and wanted to see him, so one day she sent him a letter telling him to come to her, that she had a favor to grant him.

According to her wish Elchanan appeared before her privately, and bowing low, sank on one knee. The Queen, majestically reclining on a divan, bade him rise and began: "Elchanan-Cracowsky, you are a favorite among our young women. Are you aware of it?"

Elchanan blushed deeply.

"How modest you appear—almost too modest for a soldier and a Polish commander! You have no cause," continued the Queen, "to blush at your triumphs. Promise to hear me. I have a request to make and a favor to grant you."

"It will be my lightest task," he replied, "to do your every bidding."

"Then promise me to do this."

"Willingly as soon as I hear your Majesty's command," answered Elchanan.

"How farsighted you have become!" said the Queen. "You were not so on the battlefield. This is my wish—that you be christened, and, if you would please us all, take the rich and beautiful Fraulein Elizabeth for your royal wife."

Ezech blushed again, but now there was a proud, longing look in his piercing eyes.

"Pardon me, your Highness, if I must refuse," he said; "but I have a sweetheart, on whose account I joined your army, and she promised, when I left her, to be true to me and wait for me till I returned. Can you ask me to be false to the one I know will never be so to me?"

The Queen looked at him a moment, then asked: "How long is it since you left this girl—since you have heard from her?"

"Five long years," was the sorrowful answer.

The Queen still looked at the young commander, now half wonderingly, half pityingly, then burst into a ringing laugh. "Well," she said, "give me your answer when I give you mine. Go and find your betrothed; if she has remained true to you all these years I have no more to say. But if she given the heart you claim as yours to another, then you must do as I have asked.

"I am satisfied; you have my word of honor," and, respectfully kissing the hand that was given him, the soldier left the room.

It was a stormy November night; the east wind howled dismally through the streets of Cracow and a deep snow covered the ground.

There was a sudden knock at the door of the merchant Jonas, and as the old man opened it two well-clothed persons entered. They were evidently Jewish merchants, come from a distance.

One wore a large, heavy cloak, and as Jonas conducted them into the room, this one stood himself in the shadow of an angle and anxiously eyed the Jew's beautiful daughter, who sat languidly gazing out of a window into the stormy night.

The man in the shadow watched the beautiful profile as one gazes on a dear friend he has not seen for years, while the other seated himself near Luna's side and stated the cause of the visit.

"I have been sent," he said, "from Abraham, the rich son of Nathan, in Kiev, to ask for the bestowal of the white hand and pure heart of Luna, the fair daughter of the rich and industrious Jonas, on Ephraim, the son of Abraham, and grandson of Nathan, to be a light unto his knowledge and a director unto his thought."

"A great honor," said Luna, rising, proud, beautiful, yet modest as maid can be, "but were he ever so wise and rich and beautiful, I could not marry him."

"And, pray, why not?" smilingly asked the messenger.

The proud answer came quickly: "Because I am the promised wife of Ezech Elchanan, who, for a crime he committed in saving my life, because an outcast and a wanderer." And, bursting into tears at the recollection of the sad event, the faithful girl concluded: "He has my heart, he has my love, and no other can ever win them."

Elchanan could wait no longer. Throwing off the cloak that enveloped him he stepped out of the shadow toward his sweetheart.

"Elchanan! my lover! Oh, Elchanan!" cried the loving girl, putting herself in the strong arms that were held for her, "My darling, have you come back to me?" And the tears of sorrow turned to tears of blessed joy.

Jonas had the good sense to withdraw, and with a business air asked the soldier companion, who had acted his part so well, to take a glass of wine with him in another room, leaving the lovers alone in their happiness.

The next evening all was life and gayety in the Hebrew Quarter. The house of Jonas was a blaze of light, displaying flags and many-colored, decorations.

From noon till far into the night trumpets, flutes and drums told Cracow that two happy hearts were joined as one.

The faithful maid became the faithful wife; the gallant lover made the loving husband.

When the Queen of Poland received as Ezech's answer the joyous news that his love had remained true, she smiled and said: "Too bad, too bad. I would have made him a nobleman, but his love was true. Too bad."

TIT FOR TAT.—It is not pleasant to stand in a witness-box and have your replies ridiculed by the counsel on the other side when the cross-questioning—cross in every sense—begins. Accordingly, every incident in which the witness shivers his opponent's lance is heartily welcomed by the reading public. Here is one:—

A member of the bar, in relating some reminiscences of the court in times gone by, told of a case wherein one of the famous advocates of that time had badgered and crowded a witness until he had lost his temper.

The witness incidentally said something about a cat, and the crafty lawyer seized upon this as a means of still further worrying the witness.

"How old was the cat?" asked the attorney.

"I don't know," was the answer.

"How old do you think she was?"

"It was a tomcat."

"I didn't ask about the sex of the cat; I asked how old it was."

"You asked how old she was."

"Well, how old was that cat?"

"I told you I didn't know."

"Well, how old do you think?"

"Oh, I can't tell."

"You can't tell how old you think it was?"

"I tell you I don't know."

"Now," said the counsel, "I want a plain answer to a plain question. How old do you think that cat was?"

The witness looked straight at the counsel, whose shining bald head was the most prominent feature of his figure, and calmly said,—

"Oh, I can't guess how old the cat was, but he was old enough to be bald-headed."

The lawyer's ruddy face assumed a deeper hue, the spectators and members of the bar tittered, and even the sterner features of the judge relaxed into a smile at the answer, which ended that line of cross-questioning.

MRS. A. TO MRS. B: "That Mrs. Newcomer is so fond of her children. The other day when I called she was blowing soap bubbles with them through a common clay pipe."

Mrs. B. to Mrs. C.: "That Mrs. Newcomer is so funny. Mrs. A. saw her amusing the children with a common clay pipe."

"Mrs. C. to Mrs. D.: "That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a common clay pipe."

"Mrs. D. to Mrs. E: "That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a horrid pipe. I don't see how any woman in her sober senses could do that."

"Mrs. E. to Mrs. F.: "That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a pipe and drinks awfully."

Bric-a-Brac.

PARADISE.—Many of the South Sea Islanders believe that Paradise can be inherited only by persons of perfect physical forms. Where this belief prevails a man will die rather than submit to amputation.

THE NAME.—It is an old story of the Scotch Presbyterian who said: "That the devil is bad, you can tell by his very name; for, if you take away the d, it is evil, and take away the de, it is vile, and take away the dev it is ill, so that he is an ill, vile, evil devil."

CHINESE CURRENCY.—The Chinese paper currency is in red, white and yellow paper, with gilt lettering and gorgeous little hand drawn devices. The bills, to the ordinary financier, might pass for washing bills, but they are worth good money in the flowery kingdom.

SHOWING THE WHITE FEATHER.—The story runs thus: During a war between the backwood settlers of North America and the natives, a Quaker feasted the enemy and placed a white feather over his door as a sign of amity. The token was respected. Hence the phrase, which has come to mean cowardice.

HE DID NOT FORGET THE SEASON.—On the 24th of December, 1776, Captain Cook "made" Kerguelen Island, a desolate spot in the Antarctic seas. There he found a good harbor, which he explored carefully, and for that he arrived in it on Christmas Day he gave it the name of Christmas Harbor, which it bears even unto the present time.

IN CHINA.—The Emperor of China's proper name is never mentioned: to pronounce it is a criminal offence. On ascending the throne the ruler of the "Middle Kingdom" takes a name by which he becomes known to his people and to history. The present Emperor's real, or personal, name is Tsai-t'ien; but, on being placed on the throne in 1875, he was given the title of Kuang Hsu, which in English signifies "illustrious succession."

FISH STORIES.—Among the latest batch of fish stories the following, the invention of a Waltham, Mass., correspondent is worthy of print: "Last winter while catching chubs for live bait I caught a small salt water perch. He was kept alive for over two months in a cold outhouse. Every night the water, fish and all, would freeze to a solid cake; every day he would be melted out, and in a short while he would be as lively as ever. He must have been frozen and thawed out at least forty times without receiving the slightest injury."

TRUTH SPOKEN IN JEST.—Baron Ferdinand Rothschild tells an amusing story about the late Lord Hertford. He lived in Paris during the last twenty years of his life, and as he usually went to bed very late, his valet was under the strictest orders not to disturb him in the morning. "You may call me at eight if there is a revolution," was the command, "not otherwise." By this his lordship probably meant that he was not to be aroused at all. On the morning of the 24th of February, 1848, however, he was called at eight. "What's wrong?" he grumbled; "is there a revolution?" "Yes, my lord, there is," the valet replied. This was the fact. It was then that Louis Philippe, the Citizen King, fled from Paris and found refuge in England, where he died.

TAKING A HINT FROM THE TREES.—Many a hint has been borrowed from the trees, which may thus be said to have tongues, as Shakespeare expressed it. John Smeaton, for instance, who built the Eddystone Lighthouse that stood the buffet of wind and wave for a hundred and twenty years, got the idea for his design from the trunk of the oak. Nor could he have had a better model, for though a new house now rises from the rocks close by the spot where the old one stood, it was from no fault in the plan that Smeaton's structure had to be abandoned, the fact being that its foundations were no longer considered secure. The new lighthouse was opened in 1882, and the old one was taken down as far as the level of the first room and re-erected on Plymouth Hoe.

A PET HUMMING-BIRD.—One cold day a humming-bird that had strayed far from its tropical home took refuge in a drug-store in a town in the State of Massachusetts. The pretty little thing showing no desire to leave its quarters, the druggist was only too glad to have it stay with him. Its favorite perch was the gaspipe above the soda-water fountain, from which spot it would now and then dart down to sip from the glass out of which a customer might happen to be drinking. It grew so tame that it would feed from the druggist's hand, taking its meal always on the wing. Of course it was fond of sweets, but, curiously enough, would not touch honey, although it would eagerly sip sugar candy syrup from a quill kept filled for this purpose. It was very clever at catching flies and spiders, upon which it fed as often as it could get them. The bird was extremely sociable and a great pet.

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND—"Oh, doctor come at once. My wife is suffering awful torture." Doctor—"Is it so bad as that?" Mr. Younghusband—"Yes; she has such a cold she can't speak."

A BUILDER'S LESSON.

BY G. D.

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make,
As you gathered you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine, ere free we stand;
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember as we try,
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in, the streams grow deep
Towards the centre's downward sweep;
Backward turn, each step ashore
Shallower is than that before.

Ah, the precious years we waste
Leveling what we raised in haste;
Doing what must be undone
Ere content or love be won!
First across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last.

IN PERIL'S MIDST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LADY FLORENCE had a rough time of it during those two months, and Senley Tyers had the pleasure of seeing the woman he loved almost mad with alternate hope and despair for the life of another man.

Sometimes, confused by jealous rage which he had managed to conceal while in her presence, he wished his "friend" dead and buried; but then Vane's death would ruin the scheme which he, Senley Tyers, had worked out so skilfully up to the present.

"No; he must live, until——" he ground out between his teeth, and always left the sentence unfinished; and the day came when he was able to carry to Lady Florence the news that Vane had taken a decided turn for the better, and would baulk the honest and often disappointed undertakers.

"You need be anxious no longer," he said in his slow, half-cynical voice. "He has turned the corner, and we shall save him."

She was sitting by the fire, bending over it, with her face screened, but he saw her bosom heave.

"You—you are sure?" she said almost inaudibly.

"As sure as one can be in the matter of life or death," he said, with a slight shrug of his shoulders. "Yes, sure, I am glad to say."

She shuddered slightly, and looked up at him with a mixture of fear and dislike in her eyes, under which the long anxiety had painted dark shadows.

"You are glad?" she breathed, half-incredulously.

"Pardon?" he said, as if with surprise. "Why should I not be glad? My friend, my closest friend——"

She rose as if his voice jarred upon her, and stood almost with her back to him.

"I—don't know," she said.

He assumed a wounded expression.

"Why should you wrong me by such a doubt, Lady Florence?" he murmured reproachfully. "Have I not tried to prove myself his friend—and yours."

She shuddered again.

"Oh, yes," she said with badly suppressed impatience. "I suppose so——"

"Suppose?" he echoed with raised brows.

"When can I see him—how soon?" she demanded restlessly.

He seemed to consider for a moment.

"In a day or two," he said. "We must not try him too much at first, and, of course, your presence would excite him."

"I—I will not see him until it is safe for him," she said, biting her lip. "Tell him—no, I will write to him. I may do that?"

"Certainly," he answered. "He will be delighted with a letter from you. Your name has been on his lips day and night, Lady Florence."

Vane had scarcely mentioned her name The color came into her pale face, and she turned her head away.

"It is only the thought of his approaching marriage which has given him the necessary spirit to pull round," he said softly.

"That—that cannot be for some time," she murmured, but there was a touch of hope in her tone.

"Forgive me if I venture to suggest that it should be as soon as possible," he said. "He needs a loving and watchful care—such care as only a wife can give. But there, we need not talk of him as if he were a confirmed invalid. Vane will soon be the old Vane again, and then——" he paused significantly, and left her.

"You must get well as soon as you can, my dear fellow," he said to Vane half an hour later. "You've got a big business in hand, you know."

Vane looked at him with listless interrogation.

"Big business?"

"Yes; you don't call matrimony a small one, do you?" said Senley Tyers lightly.

Vane's face flushed and he looked down; but though he made no response, Senley Tyers' speech had its effect, and almost the first words Vane said when Lady Florence and he met were—

"When is our wedding to be, Florence?"

"It shall be when you please, Vane," she answered, her hand trembling in his, her eyes cast down for a moment, then raised with a passionate devotion in them.

"Then I'll take the usual invalid's advantage and say 'soon,'" he said, lifting her hand to his lips. "But for this wretched illness we should have been man and wife before this. If you'll promise to take me—what remains of me, that is," and he glanced down at his thin hands with a laugh—"next month, say the end of February, I shall have something to get well for. I'll talk about it to your father when he comes this afternoon, if you'll say yes."

A glad light lit up her face, and she let her head fall lightly upon his shoulder, and drew his arm round her neck.

"I would marry you to-morrow if you'd promise to get quite well by that time," she said with faint laugh.

Lord Warlock, when he came, readily consented to the date proposed.

"Get it over, and done with," he said. "It's a nuisance whenever and wherever it takes place. Why on earth people can't be married without the fuss that's always made——"

"But there is to be no fuss," said Vane. "Florence particularly desires that it shall be a quiet wedding."

"So she tells me; but I've pointed out to her that if she wants a sensible, quiet wedding you must get married in the country. You'd have half the girls in London coming, to gape at you if it took place at St. George's or the Savoy. Look here, why not go down to the Grange, and get married from there? You could stay at the inn—it's a decent place—for a night or two."

"The Grange?" said Vane.

"Yes; that place of mine in Cornwall. I haven't been there for years, but it's very pretty, and all that, and it could be got ready in a few days."

"Very well," said Vane. "It must be all as Florence pleases."

Lord Warlock grinned.

"Just so. That's only fair, seeing that it will be the last time she will have her own way. Very well. We'll go down there in the middle of February and get things ready. Meanwhile, you can go down South and pick yourself up. By George! you look more like a living skeleton or a sick girl than anything else just at present," he added, with his usual candor.

Vane laughed.

"Oh, I shall be all right in a day or two," he said indifferently.

Senley Tyers, coming in to visit his friend soon after the earl's departure, was told of the arrangements, and asked to play the part of best man, but to Vane's surprise he smilingly refused.

"I shall have to get you to excuse me, my dear Vane," he said. "It's a part I should play most infernally. I hate weddings, and—well, you see, it wouldn't do. You'll have to ask one of your swell relations to show up on that occasion. How did you come to forget that? You must, you know; it's noblesse oblige. The fashionable world would howl if you didn't."

Vane nodded.

"All right," he said, once more. "You all of you have it your own way with me. But I suppose you'll condescend to be present?"

Senley Tyers shrugged his shoulders.

"I won't promise even that," he said. "It's not unlikely; we shall see. Look here, your train goes at ten o'clock to-morrow; I've got the ticket. You go and lie in the sun at Nice for a few weeks. That is all you want now."

So while Lady Florence was hard at work in that labor of joy, buying the trousseau, the bridegroom-elect was lounging at the Riviera. It is a wonderful place in which to recover one's health and spirits, and when, two days before the wedding, he drove to the inn at Runnacleave, as the village nearest to the Grange was called, he looked almost like the Vane of old.

But not quite, for, notwithstanding that the strength had come back to the stalwart frame, and the sun had restored the color to his handsome face, there was a look in the eyes and about the light-hearted, deuce-may-care Vane Tempest who rode to the Witch's Cauldron to meet Nora Trevanion.

He reached the inn too late to go to the Grange, but a groom who had been waiting Vane's arrival carried a note announcing it and promising that he would come over on the morrow. And, tired with the journey, he went straight to bed.

When he got down in the morning, and stood at the inn door looking thoughtfully out at the sunlit scene, and inhaling the sweet spring air, the landlord approached him with the smile of respectful greeting which was due to the gentleman who was going to marry the daughter of the great Earl Warlock, and who was himself a connection of another equally great earl.

"A beautiful morning, sir," he said.

Vane nodded, and looked up at the sky absently.

"You know that a gentleman, a Mr. Harold Tempest, is coming to-day?" he said.

This was a distant cousin, who had been engaged for best man.

The landlord bowed.

"Yes, sir; his lordship, the earl, told me to expect him. Everything is ready, sir."

"Very good," said Vane. "You can let me have a horse to ride over to the Grange. How far is it, by-the-way?"

"Near upon four miles, sir," replied the man. "Oh, yes, sir, I've a very good horse, and I think it will be fine for your honor."

"It looks bright enough," said Vane, preparing to go in to his breakfast.

"Yes, sir; it's too clear over the Witch's Cauldron for rain."

Vane started and stood still.

"What—what place did you say?" he asked, his back to the following landlord.

"The Witch's Cauldron, your honor."

Vane turned slowly, his lips compressed, a shadow on his face. Beyond the fact that the Grange was near Runnacleave, and, like the Witch's Cauldron, in Cornwall, he knew nothing of his whereabouts.

"How near is it?" he asked.

"A matter of ten miles, your honor," replied the landlord. "It's a main pretty place, but wild-like. It's close to the sea; you can a'most see it from your window, your honor."

Vane stood silent and motionless.

"In which direction does it lie?" he asked, after a long pause.

The landlord pointed to the east.

"Right in a line with my forefinger," he said. "There's the Grange, as you may say, inland to the left, and there's the Witch's Cauldron on the coast a bit to the right. It isn't a sight out of your honor's way, if so be as your honor wasn't pressed for time, and 'ud care to see one of the roughest spots we've got."

Vane shook his head.

"No, I have no time," he said. He went in and tried to eat his breakfast, but failed. Something seemed to be drawing him to the place at which the misery of his life had commenced.

He strode out and ordered the horse round, leapt into the saddle and rode in the direction of the Grange, as if fearful that if he hesitated or slackened rein he should yield to the temptation that beset him to gallop straight for the Cauldron.

It was the day before his marriage with one of the loveliest, one of the wealthiest women in England. All his thoughts ought to be of her, and yet—and yet—— He pulled up and looked round. In his absence of mind—his mental agitation—he had lost the thread of the direction to the Grange which the landlord had most carefully given him.

He looked from side to side, then rode on again slowly, hoping to reach a finger-post. But the country got wilder, the road rougher. He had lost his way, just as he had done months ago near this very place. There was nothing for it but to ride on and trust to chance, and he let the horse go again.

Suddenly he came upon a bend in the road, and he knew that it was the road upon which he had ridden the day he left Cauldron to continue his journey to Vale Hall.

His heart leapt, his face grew pale, as every incident of that morning flashed back upon his memory; and, with the impulse now grown irresistible, he rode on in the direction of the Cauldron. As he approached the hut a horse whinnied. But though he pulled up and looked carefully round he could see none. Tying the horse up, as Nora had done, but in another place, he ascended to the hut. Its desolation struck him as it had done her, and with an aching heart he was turning away, when it occurred to him that he would like to see the beach where they had embarked for their sail, and for which they had made when pursued by the Revenue men.

He ran down quickly; the clatter of the stones set rolling was echoed by the rocks, and startled by the noise of his footsteps, a lady in a riding habit rose just in front of him. Vane started and stopped. Then with a glance at her he raised his hat, and was about to turn and make his way back, when he heard a low, stifled cry, and his name.

He turned with an answering cry, "Nora!"

And so they stood and gazed with distended eyes and white faces, as if both thought they must be dreaming!

CHAPTER XXXV.

THEY stood for awhile gazing at each other, motionless, almost breathless; the booming of the waves on the rocks and the shrill cry of the gulls were the only sounds that broke the silence more significant than a torrent of words.

Then Vane strode towards her with hand extended, and in a voice scarcely audible said—

"Nora. Is it—is it you?"

She did not offer to take the outstretched hands, but stood grasping the skirt of her habit and her whip, her eyes fixed on him as if she still doubted the reality of his presence.

"Yes!" she answered in a low voice, that sounded almost harsh and strained. "It is I!"

He looked at her with an expression of terrible anxiety—a fear lest the vision should melt into thin air, and she should again escape him, mingled with his almost overwhelming joy at her presence, and he drew nearer to her slowly, hesitatingly.

"How—how did you come here?" he asked breathlessly. "How is it that I find you here—alone? Where—where have you been hiding? Where——" He put his hand to his head, as if half stunned by the suddenness of his discovery.

"Hiding!" She echoed the word with faint wonder, and her lips trembled. "Hiding!"

"Yes!" he exclaimed. "You know you must know, that I have been searching for you all these weary months."

"You have been searching for me!" Her brows grew straight with bewilderment, her hand gripped the skirt of her habit spasmodically.

"You know—you know that I have!" he repeated with painful agitation. 'Oh, Nora, Nora, how could you be so heartless? How could you leave me without a word of explanation? When we parted that night——" He looked at her with deep reproach. "Have you forgotten that night? How happy you had made me, how you had promised to be my wife?"

She uttered a faint cry, and shrinking from his vehemence, sunk on the rock which she had been resting on when he descended to the beach.

"You promised to be my wife—you deceived me—— Yes, I know, I understand!" he went on hurriedly, for she had opened her trembling lips as if to speak. "I know why you made that promise. I can understand that the excitement of the moment and—and—my urgency compelled you to do it, to say what was not true. I know all that now; but why did you leave me without a word? Was it kind—was it? Nora, I thought I knew you. I would not have left you like that!"

She gazed at him as he stood before her, her face as white as his own, his eyes seeking hers with a commingling of reproach and infinite tenderness.

"If you had waited till the morning and told me that—that—the reason why you would not marry me, do you think I would have held you to your promise, that I would not have released you? You knew, you must have known, how dearly I loved you!"

She spoke at last.

"You—you loved me?"

He stared at her.

"You know I loved you! I loved you so! Do you think I—I lied to you? Do you think I was trying to deceive you? Oh, Nora, Nora, you have been very cruel to me, my girl!"

"Cruel to you!" She echoed the words

as if she failed to grasp their meaning.

"Yes," he said with deep emphasis. "Most cruel. Why did you not trust me? You trusted—you confided in Senley Tyers. Why did you not tell me what you told him? Did you think that I should be so mean as to force you to marry me; that I wouldn't have been your friend still? God forgive you, Nora! I don't think you can ever guess the misery you have caused me."

She looked at him as if she were painfully trying to follow and understand him.

"For months I have been searching for you. Day and night, with scarcely any rest, I have been looking for you. For months I never lay down to sleep but I saw you lying dead or——" he shuddered. "But you know, you must know how, loving you as I did, I must have suffered." He drew his hand across his brow. "But that's all over," he said, looking at her. "You—you are well, happy? I—I am glad of that. Will you tell me—you won't refuse to tell me? where you have been hiding, how you managed to keep out of the way? Great heaven, where have I not looked for you, Nora?"

She leant her head on her hand as if too confused and bewildered to grasp his meaning for a moment or two, then she looked up at him.

"You did not know where I was at first, but—but later you did."

"No!" he exclaimed vehemently. "Not from the hour you ran away from me until this moment have I ever heard where you have been. I do not know it now!"

She half rose, then sank down again as if too agitated to stand.

"You knew that I was at Vale Hall," she said in a low voice of reproach, as it struck him.

"You—at Vale Hall! No, why—why should you be there? How should I know it?"

"They wrote, they told you. They must have told you?" she said.

He stared at her.

"They—who? I don't understand. What does this mean? You at Vale Hall? Why did you go there? It is the last place, the very last place in the world, I should have thought of looking for you."

She trembled and uttered a low moan of bewilderment.

"You know that—that I am its mistress," she faltered, her eyes on his, "that—that they found I was Reuben Vale's daughter?"

He said not a word, but signed to her to go on.

"They—the lawyers—wrote and told you that they had found me, that it was I who had stepped in between you and the estates and wretched money."

"Merciful heaven!" he breathed. "Nora, I never read those papers——"

She started and held her breath.

"I knew that my uncle's daughter had been found, that all had been left to her, but I took no interest in her. I never read the papers or saw your name—the name of Nora Trevanion! I yielded to the claim, not knowing—or caring—who she was, or anything about her history. Do you know why? It was because my heart was too full of misery for the loss of you for me to care about anything else."

She trembled and pressed her hand against the wet rock to steady herself. She was a woman and could not be deceived, there was love, passionate love, in his voice, in his eyes.

"You never knew?" she faltered.

"Never!" he said. "I did not guess——" he stopped, and uttered an exclamation, as the portrait in the Lumber-room, the strange manner in which Mrs. Trevanion had spoken to him of Reuben Vale, rose in his memory. "I see it all now! I remember the portrait—it was your mother!"

"Yes!" she breathed.

He paced up and down the beach, his head upon his breast, trying to unknot the tangled skein; then he stopped in front of her.

"But why did you not—you, yourself—write and tell me, send for me?"

Her head drooped, and she turned her face from him.

"I—I thought you knew from the papers they sent you, and—and—that you did not want to see me, did not want to come!" she murmured.

He stared down at her, then broke into a wild laugh.

"Not care to come! Nora, look me in the face and say that! Not care to come! When I had been searching for you day and night, when I would have given the whole world to have seen you, if only for just a moment, long enough to learn from your own lips that you were safe and happy!"

He drew nearer to her, and resting one foot on the rock, bent over her.

"Nora, I would have come to you if you had been at the other end of the world, if I had had to go through fire and water to reach you. You know why."

She could not help the "Why?" that rose to her lips.

"Why?" he laughed again. "Because I loved you, because I should have come to you with the hope of winning your love. Yes, if you had sent for me—even if you had not—I should have come to you, and—I would have made you love me!"

In the temptestuous passion that thrilled and shook him he forgot everything—forgot that his bride of the morrow was even now awaiting him.

She put her hands up to her eyes with a faint cry, almost a moan, but yet a moan not wholly of sorrow. There was another sound in it that went straight to his heart.

"Nora," he said, and he let his hand fall on her arm, "is there more mystery, more confusion and misunderstanding? Take your hands away from your eyes that I may see them and read the truth!"

He drew her hands away from her face, and looked straight into her eyes.

"Nora—oh, my darling—what shall I say? How can I show you how dearly I love you, how badly I want you? Why did you deceive me that night at Luib? Why did you pretend that you loved me, when all the while you were anxious to escape from me, when you preferred to face the world alone rather than marry me?"

The tears began to well into her eyes; her hands wreathed together.

"Why did you do it? Did you hate me so much, dislike me so much, that you could not bring yourself to marry me?"

"No, no, no!" The words seemed to force themselves through her lips and against her will.

"No!" he echoed, his hold on her arm tightening.

"Oh, no no! You know!" she moaned. "Oh, Vane, Vane, you are cruel—cruel! You know that I loved you, that I loved you too well to let you ruin yourself by marrying such an one as I was."

He doubted the evidence of his ears and eyes, for indeed her face was as eloquent of the truth as her few broken words.

"Nora!" he exclaimed, breathing hard.

"I loved you!" she whispered meekly, humbly. "And I would not let you share my disgrace—for I had disgraced myself. Everybody would have shrunk from you as well as me if you had married me. I was not fit to be your wife after—after what I had done. I was a leper——"

He caught her in his arms and drew her up to his breast.

"Nora? What is it you are saying? Do you know what you are saying? You—you—loved me! Loved me all the time! And it was because you thought you were not fit—— Oh, my sweet, innocent child! You not fit to marry me?" he laughed, and held her at arm's length, devouring her face with his hungry eyes. "Why, how did such wild nonsense get into your head? How could it have done?"

Panting, she rested in his arms, her face upturned to him with a strange look in her lovely eyes—a look of one who wanders blindly out of the darkness of a great sorrow into the dazzling light of a greater joy.

He kissed her—kissed her lips, her hair, the wonderful eyes.

"Ah Heaven!" he murmured. "Is it only a dream? Can it be true that you and I are together again, Nora? That—that you love me, actually loved me on that night——"

There was silence for a spell. Then, blushing, she drew away from him, and sank on to the rock again; and he flung himself at her feet, and held her tightly as if he still feared that she might vanish.

"Now—now tell me all—everything," he said. "Wait! Just say once more 'I love you, Vane!' that I may get a firm grip of it. You see I'm not sure that I haven't gone mad and that it isn't all a delusion."

She looked down at him with love radiating from her white face.

"I—love—you, Vane," she murmured dutifully.

"And now to begin with," he urged. "Try and imagine how impatient I am to hear the whole story. Don't forget anything. And you are Reuben Vale's daughter. Why, we are a sort of cousins," he laughed. "And you live at the Vale! I know the Vale, you know. You remember I was going there. And who was Mrs. Trevanion?"

"My mother's sister," she said.

"Yes, yes! I see. And Reuben Vale did not know who you were, of course? But you'll have to tell me all about that later on. What I want to know is where you fled to that night, and—and—oh, Nora, if you could guess what I've gone through! But never mind! That's all over and passed; I've got you again, and I'll take care I don't lose you!" And he drew her down to him, and held her tightly for a moment. "Now then! Where did you go that night?"

"Not far," she said; "only to Killin."

He stared at her.

"But you said you were going to London!"

She looked bewildered and shook her head.

"Never mind! I expect you scarcely knew what you were saying that night, my poor darling! To Killin! Ah, if I had only known—guessed that!" and he drew a long breath.

"To Killin, or near there," she said; "and there I found some good, kind people—a father and daughter. The kindest, dearest, sweetest girl—but you shall see her! She is at the Hall now. We are like sisters, Vane, and you must love her for my sake."

"Trust me," he said. "And that is what you meant when you wrote you were 'well and happy?' But why didn't you write before? Oh, dearest, if you had but written one day—two days—after you met with these people and told me you were safe, how much less I should have suffered! But never mind, never mind; what is their name?"

Her face had grown pale again and troubled with doubt and perplexity.

"I—I wrote? I did not write!" she faltered.

He looked up at her, smiling.

"Have you forgotten it, Nora?" He laughed a short, happy laugh. "Why, my dear child, I have the note—the precious, little note—in my pocket at this moment. I say precious, though it hurt as well as comforted me, for it was hard to be told that you could be from my side and yet happy."

"You—you have the note;" she said, her dark brows straight. "Show it to me!"

He drew out his pocket-book and took out the letter.

"There it is, dearest; and, I say, how nicely you write! I couldn't write such a good fist to save my life."

She took the paper in her hand, and gazed at it as if she could not believe her eyes; then she turned her face to him with a troubled frown.

"I did not write this!" she said.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"I DID not write this," she repeated.

Vane looked at her with astonishment.

She shook her head with a puzzled frown on her face.

"No; where did you get it from?"

"From Sen," he replied. "He has been the best, the truest friend a man ever had. It's true that he made an awful mistake in thinking that—that you didn't care for me."

"He told you that?" in a low voice.

"Yes," he said. "He was wrong, I know that now; but I believed him. And yet, somehow, whenever I remembered the look on your face when I told you that I loved you, I doubted his judgment. Yes, he was wrong; but he meant for the best. He kept your note from me for some time. You see, I was half crazed by your loss."

Her eyes beamed a wealth of pity and love upon him.

"And you say you did not write it? Why—why——" he laughed, "you must have written it and forgotten it."

"Do you think so?" she said. "But I did not write it, all the same."

He looked at her amazed.

"But—but how—how did Sen come by it?" he demanded.

She handed him the note without glancing at it again.

"Give me a piece of paper and a pencil," she said very quietly.

He tore a leaf out of his pocket-book and handed it, with a pencil, to her.

She wrote a few lines, in sense as nearly like those of the note as possible, and gave the paper to him.

"Compare them," she said simply.

Vane started. The writing of the notes was quite dissimilar, palpably.

"You see?" she said.

Vane looked from the notes to her and back again. He was not so quick, mentally, as Nora, and could not jump to a conclusion, a conviction, as she had already done.

"Then—then—then——" he said, touching Senley Tyers' pretty fabrication, "this is false and—and——"

"And a forgery," she finished.

Vane turned pale and looked straight before him. Forgery is an ugly word, especially when it is used to describe the act of a friend.

"But why—why should he do it?"

Nora's breath came fast.

"Why did he tell you that I—I did not love you?" she asked. "Why did he tell you that I had gone to London—if it was he who told you—for he wanted, directed, me to go to Canada."

Vane started.

"Why has he come between us from the beginning? Why did he tell me that in playing the part of 'Ernest Mortimer' I had brought irretrievable disgrace on myself and you?"

"He—Sen—told you this?" said Vane hoarsely.

Nora laid her hand gently on his arm.

"Yes! I cannot keep it from you, Vane, not now. Senley Tyers, your friend, has done all this. The question is—why? He did not want you to marry me, Vane; but, whom did he want you to marry?"

At the question back came the remembrance of Lady Florence and her wedding—great heaven, his wedding! He started to his feet, white as death, an expression of horror and despair in his eyes.

Nora uttered a faint cry of alarm.

"What is it, Vane—oh, what is it?"

"Florence!" he breathed hoarsely, scarcely knowing that he was audible.

"Florence?" she repeated; "Lady Florence? Ah, it was she, perhaps, whom he wanted you to marry!" she laughed, but faintly. "But it does not matter, not now! Don't look so—so horrified! Don't be angry, Vane! He has not separated us after all. You are not married to Lady Florence, are you?" and she laughed and laid her cheek against his sleeve.

Vane shook like a leaf. Not even yet did he see clearly; but this at least was plain, that Senley Tyers—Senley Tyers, his friend—had plotted to separate him from Nora, and schemed to marry him to Lady Florence. Heavens, it was incredible! It was too monstrous to be possible. And yet the forged note—the lies he had told respecting Nora's feelings towards him, Vane! All lies—lies! His brain whirled, his heart burnt with the agony of a fierce rage; and Nora's last words drove him mad. All unconscious that he was speaking aloud, he groaned out—

"And we are to be married to-morrow!"

Nora shrank back and looked up at him, as with white, distorted face he gazed into vacancy, then she rose and drew away.

"Going—to be married to-morrow, Vane! To whom? Ah!" She uttered a low cry and shrank back still further. "To Lady Florence!"

He turned his despairing eyes upon her.

"Hear me, Nora! Don't speak—don't shrink from me! It is true—it was true!—but it shall not be! I will not marry her! It is you I love and will marry! Senley Tyers did this! Sen——" He clasped his brow, then struck his clenched hand on the rocks, tearing the skin from his knuckles and covering them with blood. "He must be a devil of treachery and falsehood! Oh, it can't be true! Don't speak to me, Nora! Have I gone mad? Why do you look at me as if you had ceased to care for me——"

She put up her hand as he made a step towards her.

"Don't—don't touch me," she said hoarsely. "You have no right! You are Lady Florence's, not—not mine. Go to her! Go!"

Almost beside himself, Vane caught her arm.

"Nora, listen to me. You must! You shall!"

"I will not not!" she said passionately. "You tell me that you are going to marry her. Why should I listen to you? Let me go. You never loved me. How could you have loved me and—and—loved her too? Let me go!"

She wrenched her arm from his grasp and sprang from him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ORIENTAL HOSPITALITY.—The generous hospitality of Turkish women is too well-known to require mention. They always have sweetmeats and coffee served for any and all guests, and when they feel that the visit has lasted long enough, they clap their hands, and the servant brings the second cup of coffee, and that is the signal. No guest can stay longer than to drink this. Sometimes the time between drinks is decidedly short. The women and children do not undress at night, but add a wadded night-robe to the clothes they already have on, and sleep thus summer and winter.

VIOLET TIME.

BY M. D. P.

In violet time
The wandering wind no longer grieves
Among dull winter's withered leaves,
But spring her bridal garments weaves
In violet time.

In violet time
Bright waters by the breezes stirred,
The carol of the homing bird
In every budding brake is heard
In violet time.

In violet time
On misty hills and flashing streams
Shine forth the hopeful, gladsome gleams
Of sunny days and summer dreams
In violet time.

In violet time
A thrill of ecstacy divine
Exalts the soul like new-made wine
And faith and hope and love combine
In violet time.

In violet time
The shadows all translucent lie
In joyous languor on the sky.
Oh, who would be content to die
In violet time?

Once Too Often.

BY M. S. D.

[Continued from last week.]

CHAPTER V.

THE last train to Malden Green reached too late for a call at The Lodge, unless indeed there had been an absolute and immediate necessity. Avelyn, therefore, went direct to the Rectory, where he heard that Mr. Wharton had been away all day and was only now at supper. So of course he had not seen or heard of the Hargraves.

Directly after breakfast next day, Avelyn went over to The Lodge, where he found the sisters had just finished breakfast. Geraldine sprang to meet him, but for a moment he tenderly kissed her, and the first flush of joy passed from her cheek, Avelyn saw with a sort of shock that she looked very pale, and even ill.

Yet for all that, he never for one second lost grip of himself. Not till he had greeted Delia did he overtly notice the matter. His worst, blackest idea and suspicion had taken bodily form that could be met. He at once played his part, or rather his first move—masking his battery.

"Geraldine does not look at all well," he said anxiously, and Delia, with an answering look of anxiety, said:

"Yes, she was not at all herself all yesterday, and I sent over to Mr. Forbes. He said I need not worry, and sent her some medicine."

"It hasn't done me any good," said Geraldine languidly, "and I've taken all but two doses. It is time for one now, I think."

"Yes, dear, I'll fetch it from your boudoir," said Delia, but Leicester was at the door in a moment.

"No, no, my dear Delia, I'll fetch it of course now I am here."

He was gone, setting his teeth. His eyes glowed with an odd look as he reached the pretty boudoir. There on a small table stood a wine-glass, a bottle of medicine, and a water carafe, all three on a salver.

"What luck that I have on this coat," muttered Avelyn. It was the same he had worn the day of the storm, and in the breast pocket was, he remembered, his brandy flask, quite empty. Into that very pocket he had slid those few chocolate drops, and they were actually there still, for he felt them as he took out the flask.

Quick as thought he poured a dose of the medicine into his flask and replaced that in his pocket. Then he took the salver with the contents—less the carafe—and went quickly downstairs. The next minute the two sisters heard outside in the hall a slight stumble, a crash of glass, and an exclamation with a half-vexed, half-amused, "By Jove! Done for!"

This, just as Delia threw open the door, to see with annoyed dismay the debris of glass and bottle on the floor, and all the medicine spilled.

"Avelyn, how very tiresome of you!" Delia cried, but Geraldine laughed, and so did the culprit as he apologized.

"I'm awfully sorry, dear, but my foot caught in something, I think, and jerked me sharply. Off went the glass-ware. I'll run over to Forbes for more medicine."

"You shall not trouble yourself," said Geraldine quickly. "Janet shall sweep this up. I shall be all right to-morrow, dear, without Mr. Forbes. Don't look so vexed, Delia."

"I am vexed, dear, and anxious."

"So am I," said Avelyn. "A lover's folly, no doubt, but still—I shall wire for Dr. Percival, Delia."

Delia's rosy cheeks went white.

"Nonsense, Avelyn! how you startle one," she said. "How can you be so foolish as to frighten us with such absurd ideas?"

"Oh, I'm not frightened," put in Geraldine, with a vague, puzzled feeling somewhere that centred about Leicester. "I'll do whatever Avelyn wishes."

"Good little girl!" said he lightly. "Then get your hat and come for a drive with me—it will do you good."

He kept his own dog-cart and horse in the Rector's stables, and in a short while he and his fiancee were off. Then he breathed freely. He drove first to the station and wired to Dr. Percival to come at once to Malden Rectory, adding:

"Wire train from Paddington to be met."

"You must not be alarmed, my darling," he said softly, as he returned to his seat beside Geraldine; "it is for my own satisfaction."

"I was not alarmed, Avelyn, but—well, puzzled somehow," she added, drawing her straight brows together. "I felt all yesterday and all night just as my poor sisters used to feel lately, especially—as if my nerves and heart were numbed, you know, and my breathing grew rather painful."

"Is that better now?" said Leicester quietly.

"Yes, dear," she smiled. "I think your mere presence has revived me."

Heavens! how near the danger had come!

"My own darling," he said, "be sure then that there shall be no more possibility of any such stupid mistake with you as I fear there was with your sisters."

"Avelyn! mistake!" Geraldine cried startled.

"Yes, I fear so, dearest; but I cannot explain my idea till we see Dr. Percival. Don't say a word to Delia—it will only trouble her. Now we'll turn, and you shall dine at the Rectory with us."

"But Delia will be waiting dinner for me," hesitated Geraldine, again oddly puzzled.

"No. I'll send over a message," he said, with quiet assertiveness.

When they got back to the Rectory a telegram had arrived. Dr. Percival would be at Malden Station at three o'clock.

Leicester at once sent a note round to Mr. Forbes, and one to Delia; the latter note was only to say where Geraldine was, and that she would be home soon after dinner; and a little after two, indeed shortly before, Avelyn's trap was brought round, and he took Geraldine across the green. On the way he said quietly:

"Tell Delia, my dear, that at four Dr. Percival will see you, and meet Forbes in consultation, just for etiquette. I shall come in, of course, to hear the result, and, by-the-way, dear, don't eat or drink anything till then. You seem better at present, and I want Dr. Percival to see you as you are now. Promise me."

"Of course, Avelyn," but again she was dimly conscious of that vague terror and a puzzled surprise; "and naturally we should have tea afterwards, all of us." Then laughingly, "Mustn't I even eat some of Delia's nice chocolates?"

"No, not even that."

He left her at the gate, and went back to drive to the station.

CHAPTER VI.

"THIS way, please, doctor," said Avelyn, leading the way to the Rectory dining-room on the arrival of Dr. Percival and himself. "I must speak to you before you see your patient."

The physician bowed and took a chair by the table. Avelyn brought a wine-glass from the sideboard, and drew the flask from his pocket. One of the chocolate drops had got softened in the pocket, and was adhering to the leather case, somewhat flattened out. Leicester took it off, but as he did so suddenly went "Whew!" under his breath, and put the lozenge on the table.

"I'll show you this presently, doctor," he said, answering the physician's quick look of inquiry. "Now look at this—taste it," he poured a little of the medicine into the glass. "Geraldine has had four out of the six doses in the bottle Mr. Forbes sent her yesterday morning."

Dr. Percival held the glass to the light for a minute, then tasted the contents drew his brows together, and tasted it again.

"You say that Mr. Forbes sent this for such symptoms described to me on the way here?"

"I took this from the bottle he sent," said Avelyn quietly; "the same prescription he used for the two who died of, apparently, the same disease."

"But, my dear fellow, it is impossible that any sane doctor could have sent this stuff as it is. Do you know what is in it? I can taste it."

"Yes, so did I," said the other, looking full at the physician, "an ingredient which Forbes never put—arsenic, and I am also well aware that arsenic poisoning can be made—or so used as—to give all the appearance of heart disease. Now, look at this half-crushed chocolate. What are those minute specks in it?"

Dr. Percival examined the lozenge, then, with his pen-knife, picked out a few of the specks, and put them on his tongue.

"Arsenic, too, I reckon," said Avelyn quietly. "I got these by a lucky chance from Geraldine, who, like her sisters, was often eating chocolate. Now, I will tell you everything I know myself, and what I have learned and done since I saw you in town. Then we can arrange what is to be done."

"I am all attention."

So he was. He never once interrupted till Leicester's soft voice ceased. And the two men held a consultation, after which both went round to Mr. Forbes' house and had a talk with its master. Just after four o'clock the three gentlemen walked over to The Lodge.

Delia received them in her usual manner, save that Avelyn noticed an odd look—fear, was it?—in her eyes as he introduced Dr. Percival to her.

"But really, doctor," she said smiling, "it is too absurd for a lover's fears to have brought you down. I will take you to Geraldine."

"Pardon me," interposed the physician urbanely, "but Mr. Leicester will kindly save you the trouble."

She drew back with a twitch of the mouth and a decided start.

Geraldine was in her boudoir and received Dr. Percival delightedly, and gladly answered his questions, though several he put about the chocolate puzzled her. Dr. Percival told her that she was perfectly sound, and he was in time to set all right, but she must take this dose, and he gave her some medicine in a small vial he produced. Avelyn, who knew it was a strong antidote to the arsenic, gave her a glass, and Geraldine drank the dose at once.

"That's right, my dear child," said the physician. "Now Mr. Leicester has something to say to you, and so I'll return to the drawing-room and await you."

And he left the room.

Delia had kept up meanwhile a desultory talk with Mr. Forbes as a cover to the uneasiness she could not conceal, though she thought she did, from the doctor's notice. She turned quickly toward Dr. Percival as he entered the room.

"Ah, you! well, doctor?"

"Your sister's heart is as sound as a bell," said he quietly, "and the dose I have just given her will set her right. I was called in in time."

"In time!" exclaimed Delia; "then she was really ill?"

"Yes, very ill," said the physician drily. "Mr. Leicester will be down shortly."

"Ah, then I'll ring for tea," said she cheerily, "and take up some to dear Geraldine."

She rang; tea was brought in, and Delia made it, chattering the while in her chirrupy way, fighting, as both men read, against the dread apprehension that was creeping over her.

Just as she declared the tea drawn the door opened, and Avelyn came in alone, his dark cheek deadly pale, his face set and stern as few ever saw it.

CHAPTER VII.

"TEA is just ready," said Delia airily—with what desperate effort she best knew. "I will first pour out some for you, gentlemen, and then take up Geraldine's tea."

"Pardon me, you will remain where you are and hear me," said Avelyn, with that stern, concentrated manner which in strong, self-controlled natures seems more terrible than any outburst. "The game is played out at last, Delia, and this time it is too late."

"What do you mean? I don't understand you, Avelyn." Do what she would she faltered; her eyes wavered as she glanced at the tall figure standing near, one firm hand resting on the back of a chair.

"You understand me too well," was the stern answer, as her eyes went shrinkingly to the two doctors, who did not move; "but you shall hear the indictment and choose one of the two alternatives. You have carried the pitcher to the stream once too often, and it has broken. I took Geraldine the other day to Dr. Percival, because she showed the same symptoms as her poor sisters had. He said she was entirely free from all heart disease. In consequence I went to Mr. Markham. You had stated falsely that your mother had had heart complaint. You had called in to see your sisters a Dr. Barnes who you knew to be entirely incompetent. I saw your father's will—and therein lay the motive. I returned to find your third sister ill as the other two had been. I secured a dose of her medicine and sent for Dr. Percival, who, with Mr. Forbes, found arsenic in it, and in the chocolates with which you had supplied your sisters so frequently."

"It is false!" cried Delia, starting up. "Mr. Forbes, how dare you stand and hear me so accused when you yourself gave the certificates of death?"

"I was unhappily deceived in the symptoms, Miss Hargrave, as you meant I should be," answered Mr. Forbes sternly.

"As many another clever practitioner might have been," added Percival; "and as the poor child upstairs has beyond doubt suffered, and narrowly escaped death, from arsenic poisoning, there is much in the whole of the circumstances to give grounds for suspicion as to her sisters' death, and——But Mr. Leicester will continue, as arranged."

"I'll hear no more insults," Delia broke out; but Avelyn's hand held her.

"Not yet," he said through his teeth. "For the honor of the name you shall have one chance. If you still deny your guilt of the murder I shall at once send for the police and charge you with your crimes. The dead will be exhumed of course, and the whole case will be out of my hands. If you dare to face all this—the close search, the raking up of your movements, the evidence which will probably be added to that which we now hold—well then, brave it out."

Every word was a knell of doom to the wretched murderess. Her face had grown drawn and haggard, her furtive eyes went to Avelyn's face with the sullen glare of a cowed savage animal that would fain rend him if it could or dared. Her livid lips moved—a hoarse whisper came with labored breath:

"And the—alternative?"

He answered in the same manner:

"If you dare not face full inquiries, then you must leave this place to-morrow and England within a week. You will be watched till you are on board an Australian vessel, and any attempt to return to Europe will be met by arrest. Geraldine will go back with me at once to the Rectory, where the old housekeeper will attend to her. In two days your sister will be my wife. If she wishes it you can see her once, to-morrow, in my presence, and never again. Choose your course."

The woman staggered forward.

"You villain!" she said. "I choose the last then."

"So be it."

Avelyn opened the door for her, went with her to her own room, and then fetched his poor stricken betrothed.

An hour after they had gone over to the Rectory the maid, Charlotte, came rushing in in wild horror.

"Miss Delia's dead, sir—she's dead in her room! She's lying on the floor."

It was true. Delia Hargrave had taken the remainder of the arsenic she meant for her third victim.

* * * * * *

After two years of traveling Avelyn Leicester brought his wife back to London, with health and strength restored. But they never mention Delia's name or the past days of bitter trouble. They are happy in their love and their children, who will never know of that grim secret of the past.

[THE END.]

A SPECIALIST in nervous diseases says women should sleep nine hours at night and one hour in the daytime. We are inclined to think he is right. Neither men nor women sleep enough and so are unequal to the demands of what we call American civilization.

"I BOUGHT this broad-trimmed hat to keep the light out of my eyes," she said, confidingly. "Nothing can do that," he answered, gallantly, and the world revolved on its regular twenty-four hour-a-day system just as usual.

For Faith's Sake.

BY T. L. R.

"IS she not a lovely child, Duncan?"

The speaker, a tall, stately woman of eight-and-twenty, looked with a smile into the eyes of her betrothed, but found no answering smile in them.

"Her coming will deprive me of your society often," the man said, slowly. "She is a bright pretty creature, but I almost wish she had remained at school. We have been so happy for a year, Agnes."

"Yes," Agnes Wyatt replied, her delicate, sensitive face full of tenderness, "but Faith will not mar our happiness. My little sister will not make any change, dear. I love her very dearly. She and you, out of all the world, are beloved by me. I do not know how life would seem to me should I lose either."

A quiver crossed her lips.

Delicate, dainty lips they were, sweet and tender, like the lips of her dead mother, who had died so young of that dread disease—consumption.

Agnes has always been slight and rather frail, but never ill, and the faint color that now and then flickered on her cheeks had not seemed, even to Dr. Duncan Chetwynd, her physician, and for a year her lover, the bloom that heralds death, the beauty that marks the rose whose petals are to fall the earliest.

He had practiced medicine for a year and a half in Briarwood and knew that the girl whose great, soft eyes had drawn him to her side so often was motherless, and had a step-sister—the child of her father's second wife.

He knew that "little Faith," as Agnes called her, was at school, but never met her, until a blue-eyed, saucy, sylph-like creature, she stood before him, returned from studies and school-life, a gracious, girlish presence, with sunlight in her eyes and smile.

"And, as the sisters stood near him, hand in hand, a new and vague feeling of unrest and irritation crept into his heart.

He had lived thirty years, but never had his eyes rested on so sunny a face as that of "little Faith."

With that fluttering color on her cheeks, Agnes sought her step-sister when Dr. Chetwynd had gone.

Days flitted after that—golden days such as never tarry. Faith made sunlight everywhere, and if she left them alone the lovers missed her. Then suddenly, as the summer faded, the girl seemed to fade with it.

Her face grew grave and pale, her eyes lost their light, her lips laughed rarely, and when Dr. Duncan Chetwynd came she stole away silent as a shadow.

Agnes wondered, questioned, coaxed, petted; but her sister shrank from it all.

"Faith is as one blighted," she said at last to Duncan Chetwynd. "What can I do for her? She will not tell me what is wrong. Can you guess?"

Her eyes were full of tears, and so she did not see the spasm of pain that crossed his face.

"How can I guess?" he asked. "She scarcely speaks to me. Agnes, let us talk of ourselves. When will you become my wife? Let it be soon—very soon."

"Soon?" she said, softly. "Yes, Duncan, when Faith gets back her smiles and roses—and I hope that will be soon."

He turned a pallid face on her, clasped her hand, and went away.

She watched his tall figure as it went down the path until it was hidden by the trees; and in her heart she called him—for the last time on earth—her lover, her beloved!

Perhaps half an hour later, she also went down the path.

She was looking for Faith and lo! where the fading daylight fell upon her darling's lifted, agonized face she saw her.

Duncan Chetwynd stood there also, his back to Agnes, his hands holding the two slender ones of Faith, his head bent over the sunny ones, his voice, broken and hoarse, floating out to the dying day, and falling—falling every word like a drop of heated lead, on the heart of the girl who was his plighted wife.

"As Heaven hears me," he was saying, "I never meant to love you—I never meant to be untrue to Agnes. She is as sweet and true as an angel, and was an angel to me—until you came. I am almost mad! but you shall hear me this once—while my lips are free, while yet no marriage-bond is on them! I must tell! You are the sun of my life! Would to Heaven I were free to say to you also, 'Let the sunlight rest on my life forever!'

"Hush! it is cruel—it is sinful!" Faith sobbed out. "I—I quite understand that we should both be silent—that words of love should burn our lips; but for this little moment in our lives—this pitiful moment, which shall pass and leave us parted forever—we can own it—shamed suffering, we can own, we love!"

"Oh, my darling! so fair and sweet and sunny! To love you so—to know you love me—and to lose you!"

Agnes turned and fled she did not know whither—fled blindly till, how she knew not, she found the door of her own room looked upon her, and the shadows hiding her wild, wide eyes.

It was late when a tap at her door roused her. The room was dark. She arose, shot back the bolt, flung wide the door, and heard Faith's voice from the threshold.

"May I come in, sister?"

"Come in, dear."

She took a low seat beside the window, pushed up the sash and allowed the cool air to play across throbbing pulses in her brow.

Faith sank down beside her and laid her head softly against her knee.

"My forehead is hot," she said, wearily. "Lay your hand on it, Agnes."

And the tender hand passed gently, gently over the fair, flushed brow, and the shadows hid both faces. But in Agnes' heart rang ever the despairing cry of her lover as he clung to Faith's hands.

The wind was raising. Across the stars great clouds sweep their darkness. Some heavy drops of rain struck sharply on her through the open window.

Faith lifted her head as a lightning flash shot across the sky.

"Close the window, sister," she said. "You will take cold, and we always fear a cold for you. I am going down. Papa will want us. Come!"

"I am tired and will stay here," Agnes said, softly. "Kiss me, dear, and go."

As Faith kissed her a sob burst from her lips, but it was very low. For a moment she held the youthful form to her breast tenderly.

"Little one," she whispered, "darling little one!" then let her sister go, and again locked the door.

The wind grew fiercer, the lightning shot its quivering tongues, the thunder crashed, and ever through the open window poured a steady stream of water.

Had any eye been watching from without, it would have seen a slight woman's figure leaning on the sill, with delicate deathly face turned upward to the tempest, and trembling hands fluttering in their work, as they bared the breast beneath them for the storm to fall with its fury on the tender, snowy flesh; and Agnes Wyatt was the child of a woman who had died early of consumption.

With the dawn came a cessation of the storm, and Agnes staggered blindly from the window, a mortal chill upon her.

Some hours later they found her lying prone upon the floor, unconscious, but with fever already beating in her every vein.

A fortnight afterwards they buried the cold, still body, with its broken, moveless heart, and none dreamed that she had died because life was less to her than love.

The sympathy felt and expressed for Duncan Chetwynd was very deep, and his knowledge of his own sin against the dead darkened his life for months.

But from such sorrows and such remorse men's hearts recover in time, and the new love remained with him.

Two years later he took a bride—a bride with azure eyes and sunny face, and heart more shallow than had been that beneath the grasses—and neither he nor "little Faith" ever dreamed of the sacrifice made by Agnes—never dreamed that she had taken her life in her own weak hand and flung it from her that they might be happy together.

A SCULPTOR'S SITTERS.—A successful sculptor gets much amusement out of the sitters whose busts he moulds—especially those of strong originality. Carlyle, after much persuasion, was persuaded to sit for his bust to Sir Edgar Boehm, the sculptor-royal to the English Court. "I'll give you twenty-two minutes to make what you can of me," said he one day, storming in at the door of Boehm's studio. He stood there, watch in hand, while Sir Edgar manipulated the damp clay. Scarce had the minute-hand pointed to the appointed moment for the sitter's departure when the sculptor pushed his clay aside. But Carlyle had been drawn on to talk and to forget; so he insisted upon giving the sculptor another two-and-twenty minutes. He returned to the studio on another day to be studied at the artist's leisure. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who so long ruled at Constantinople as the British Minister, had a passionate temper. After sitting to Sir Edgar for his bust, he visited the studio to inspect it. He did not like it, and knitting his overhanging brows into a great frown, he shouted out, "Why, you have make me look a bad-tempered man!"

OF WISE BOLDNESS.

NOTHING is more pitiable than foolhardiness, nothing more commendable than timely boldness. We have already quoted the wise saying that "half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping;" and scarce anything could be more true,

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his desert too small,
> Who dare not put it to the touch
> To win or lose it all."

There come moments in every man's life when all depends on the action of the moment. Shakespeare knew this well, and has said some of the very finest things on the subject. To quote them in sufficient number to do Shakespeare justice were in this place impossible. But all remember the words of Macbeth:

> "I dare do all that may become a man,
> Who dares do more is none."

Words which, we take it, might form the motto for wise boldness. But long before Shakespeare the truth was seized and expressed. Homer says:

> "Fear not, but be bold:
> A decent boldness ever meets with friends,
> Succeeds, and even a stranger recommends."

And the Greek poet only felt and expressed what Mahomet meant when he said, "Paradise lies under the points of our swords."

Lord Bacon has uttered some very apt words on boldness in his Essay:

"Boldness is ever blind, for it seeth not dangers and inconveniences; therefore it is ill in counsel, good in execution; so that the right use of bold persons is that they never command in chief, but be under the direction of others. For in counsel it is good to see dangers, and in execution not to see them, unless they be very great."

But in the last resort a man must ever be his own counsellor; and it is well that execution should not be hampered by doubts and surmises. Quarles has also some wise words, to which we may well listen:

"Fearing nothing but what thy industry may prevent; be confident of nothing but what fortune cannot defeat: it is no less folly to fear what is impossible to be avoided, than to be secure when there is a possibility to be deprived."

Cowley has some very good lines on this subject:

> "Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise,
> He who defers this work from day to day,
> Does on a river's bank expecting stay
> Till the whole stream, which stopped him, should begone,
> That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on."

Sir Walter Scott's Wamba in "Ivanhoe" speaks thus:

"Wit, Sir Knight, may do much; he is a quick, apprehensive knave who sees his neighbor's blind side, and knows how to keep the leegage, when his passions are blowing high. But boldness is a sturdy fellow that makes all split. He rows against wind and tide, and makes way notwithstanding."

Guicciardini, in his Maxims, sets down the following, which is certainly not unworthy to appear here:

"One who knows that he is fortune's darling may dart forward upon adventures with the bolder heart; yet it is to be heeded, that fortune is not only various, according to the nature of times and seasons, but also, at the same time, is various in the nature of the thing; for he who narrowly observes will see by experience many men to be fortunate in one kind of thing and unfortunate in another. And I, mine own part, have had until this February 3rd, 1523, prospering fortune in many things; tarnen, it is not so with me in the riches or honor which I seek to obtain, because seeking them not, they do of their own nature follow after me, but when I begin to seek them they seem to forsake me."

A COLD SEEMS A SMALL AFFAIR.—Most people neglect it. Who minds it? Yet a Cold may turn to Consumption, and then follows almost certain death.—Better take a cold in time by using Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, the well know standard remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Pulmonary Complaints, and your Cold will disappear, as well as all apprehension of danger.

Scientific and Useful.

STEEL.—A mixture of tungsten with steel is known to give to the latter so great a degree of hardness that it readily scratches glass and quartz.

KINETESCOPE.—Edison has perfected and taken perfect plates with his kinetescope, an instrument by which a series of pictures can be rapidly taken of a person or object in motion what is practically a single picture.

INSECTS.—When living insects have entered the ear, it is of the first importance to kill them as quickly as possible, after which they may be removed at leisure by syringing, or by the use of forceps if necessary. Killing the insect may be speedily accomplished by pouring into the ear a small quantity of any mild oil or melted lard.

PAPER PIPES.—A paper pipe is one of the latest novelties, the idea originating in the mind of a native of St. Helens. The pipe is moulded from wood pulp or from sheets of absorbent paper. If pulp, it is pressed into shape and dried. When paper is used, it is first wrapped round a core, and afterwards pressed to the required shape. In either case a thimble of porous earthenware is placed in the bowl to prevent burning.

LOCOMOTIVES.—An electric locomotive was recently delivered to the Paris and Havre Company and has since been submitted to every kind of test in railroad work. It is said to have gone through all successfully, and is pronounced all that could be desired for a first-class railroad locomotive. Its greatest speed, with an average train, is fifty miles an hour. The company will probably adopt electric locomotives to supplant steam engines.

THE ELECTRIC ARC.—The arc lamp is yet to be touched up to more perfectly uniform action, the glow lamp is to be cheapened, alternating current motors are to be perfected, electro-metallurgy is to be fostered and brought more generally into commercial usefulness, conduit railways must be attained, storage batteries or gas batteries of a permanent type are to be designed, long distance transmission must come, and a host of other kindred tasks remain. We are but on the threshold of the electrical age.

Farm and Garden.

THE HORSE.—One of the best ways of increasing the appetite of a horse is to change his diet.

CLOVER.—In addition to its value as a stock feed, the roots of clover make one of the very best fertilizers for other crops.

THRESHING.—Corn threshing is practiced in the West. The whole stalk is passed through a thresher and comes out like straw, being stored in the barn and fed in the same condition as hay.

LAMBS.—The more you can induce the lambs to eat the faster they will grow and the sooner they will reach the market. Ground oats make the best grain food. Place it where they can eat all they desire. Feed the ewes liberally, also, in order to provide the very young lambs with plenty of milk.

GRAIN.—Grain may be sold in the form of meat, butter and milk, and in these forms there will be larger prices realized from its growth and use. The value of grain as a food for stock does not end with the product derived therefrom for market, as it returns a portion of its matter to the soil in the manure.

HITCHING.—So simple a process as hitching a horse many people would consider not worth thinking about. Yet the welfare of the animal and his disposition depend on that very thing. Many valuable horses are spoiled early in life and rendered vicious runaways by the thoughtless owner. If the horse's head is from the wind when tied outside he will be comfortable and stand patiently until his master returns.

FOR FOLIAGE.—It has been proved by experiments that London purple, Paris green and white arsenic, when applied upon foliage along with Bordeaux mixture, do less injury than when applied in water alone; that London purple and Paris green are not more injurious to foliage when applied in resin mixture; that foliage will suffer greater injury when arsenites are used in sulphate of copper solution, strong soapy mixture, and eau celeste, or iron chloride solution.

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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Of Common Sense.

Common sense may be defined as that faculty of perception, or sense of fact and right, which is common to mankind—a faculty which may be developed to a high degree of perfection, or exist in a good serviceable sort, without what is called education.

It is important to obtain a clear notion of this quality or property of the mind, as its character and usefulness have been very seriously questioned of late by philosophers and teachers to whom the world is wont to look as leaders of opinion, and whose dicta on any subject of general and personal interest must need exercise a large measure of influence. It has been contended, and with irresistible force, as we think, that there is a point in the history of knowledge, or information, at which truth or fact becomes self-evident—that is to say, where we cease to reason about it and begin to take it on trust, or, as the saying goes, on self-evidence.

It is necessary to determine where this point lies and how it is reached. That the conditions may, and probably do, differ in respect of individual subjects of cognizance is obvious; but it seems likely, on the face of the circumstances, that a point must be reached where truth becomes self-evident, with respect to every matter of which the mind is able to assure itself.

The progress of science is a gradual subjugation of facts to the reign of the self-evident. At first a matter of cognizance is doubtful; as we become better acquainted with it, we perceive not only that it is, but that it must be as we find; each day new evidences of the truth are discovered, until at length the fact becomes self-evident, and its knowledge is a simple act of common sense.

The prominent intellectual question of the day—how and what to believe—is one of prudence rather than fact, though philosophers are disputing as though the time had arrived when common sense itself must be arraigned at the bar of scepticism.

How far ought common sense to be trusted as the guardian of conscience and faith? We are not now employing these terms in their religious sense, but as general. Should a man believe all he sees and feels, and refuse to believe anything else, or ought he to recognize that the realm of truth is not conterminous with that of simple or even of trained perception, either on one side or the other? No doubt common sense is a very useful and trusty guide, but is it so useful or trusty as many suppose it to be?

The man who regards what he calls self-evidence as "the supreme test of truth" is in this position—he must either treat all that is not "self-evident" as doubtful, or admit that much that will not fulfill his requirements is entitled to credence!

On the first alternative principle he will have to pass through life doubting some of its most clear, but not self-evident, propositions; in the second alternative he will practically cast his test to the winds and believe much that has not been proved, and is probably incapable of such proof as he professes himself willing to accept.

In short, although there is a vast mass of truth which falls directly within the key of common sense, and the number of such facts is daily and hourly increasing, there is, and probably will for a long time to come be, a great deal that must be taken on trust or argued out by collateral and circuitous, rather than direct, processes of reasoning, instead of being simply perceived.

It is needful to face this difficulty, and especially desirable that a right understanding should be reached respecting it and the line of conduct to be adopted, without delay, since there seems to be a very determined endeavor just now on the part of metaphysicians to distress if not seriously embarrass the exercise of "common sense."

Some great thinkers and acknowledged teachers would have us believe that common sense is not to be trusted; others that self-evidence is the supreme test of truth. The truth, we think, lies with neither, but well mid-way between the two extremes touched in this controversy. There are, doubtless, a large number of facts which are self-evident, and which a common-sense judgment at once accepts; but it is not less true that there is much which is not evident to common sense and yet is of a nature to be logically believed. Not long ago it would have seemed impossible to common sense that persons at a great distance apart should be able to communicate by means of the telegraph, or that a train of cars could with perfect ease and safety be propelled along at the speed of sixty miles an hour.

Now that these things have been done it is "common sense" to believe that others equally astounding are practicable. The discovery of steam and the telegraph has not only added a certain series of facts to the multitude of subjects of belief, but has, or ought to have, broken through the hard-and-fast line of unbelief which our forefathers drew around what they were pleased to regard as the boundaries of the possible, whereas it was simply the horizon of their own perception.

Common sense is, in truth, not a fixed or rigidly bounded area; it is an arm of prehension stretching out from the mind, and each extension of its length in a particular direction lengthens the reach all round. Every fact brought within the grasp of common intelligence adds new territory to the province included within the sweep of common sense. Perhaps hereafter the triumph of intellect and the perfection of knowledge will consist in the bringing of every part of the field of human understanding under the simple cognizance of common sense.

Common sense admits authority, but the authority must be concurrent, or so corroborated by dependent evidence that it may be reasonably accepted. There is no objection, for instance, to believe the fact that Cæsar commanded the Roman legions which invaded Gaul, although there can be no living authority as to this fact of history, but the testimony to the truth of the story told by the chroniclers has been continuous, and is therefore brought home to the mind, and within the grasp of common sense.

It should be the aim of those who seek to combat the sceptical spirit abroad to show that this is the case with regard to Christianity; that the authority on which the system rests is not exhausted, but has been continued to us by a cloud of witnesses, whose number must give weight to the testimony they bear. That the proof of this position is possible we make no doubt, but it is worth while to point out that it is too much neglected in the work of evangelization, and the cause of Truth suffers as a consequence.

There is nothing opposed to common sense in Religion, but minds are not to be coerced into believing without the presentation of evidence—the evidence of authority—upon which to rest, and in which to repose quietly, hopefully and faithfully.

No one has a right to trifle even with the slightest opportunity of being useful. Few can work out splendid achievements; but that individual who unobtrusively pursues his way, and feels a quiet joy in dropping an appropriate word of rational instruction, who judiciously expresses sympathy, or utters his convictions in tones of virtuous persuasion, may do more in the course of his humble life than another who endows hospitals, patronizes popular institutions, and blazes out into sudden acts of brilliant munificence.

A PURE child, like a ray of sunshine, can go anywhere without contracting taint. Though a choice of associations is essential to wholesome development, yet a normal and healthful child may come in contact with a great deal of roughness and vice without being injured by it. This can only be however when the child carries with it continually the atmosphere of a pure, elevated, Christian home. The intuitions of a child thus nurtured will make it shrink from the taint of vice and keep it pure.

HAPPY is the man whose life has verified, as so many lives have verified, the words of the apostle Paul—"Tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope." This is to have the soul take root in the midst of earthly trial and trouble, and blossom forth in the beauty and strength of an immortal hope.

IMAGINATION and sympathy bring the most opposite people near together, whereas the narrow-minded, the cold, the conventional, the self-absorbed, the supercilious cannot brook the company of those whom they do not understand, or whom they are pleased to consider their inferiors.

SELF-MADE men are more certain than others of success in life for the reason that, so to speak, they are more thoroughly made. That is to say, with them the formation of character is more solid because it is the result of severe discipline, of a determined will, of a settled purpose.

THERE may be a furlough from our customary work; there can never be any lawful vacation from doing good. There may be change of place, scene, fellowship; there must be none in the spirit of self-sacrificing beneficence.

DO not retail your troubles to your neighbor, for most likely he has more and worse troubles than you have, but has the good sense to keep still about them and bear them with resignation.

IN evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints, which, if properly applied, might remove the cause.

A WORLDLY life has as much restriction, in different ways, as a good life, without the final remunerations that a good life has.

YOU cannot dream yourself into a character—you must hammer and forge yourself one.

COARSE words must have a deaf ear.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

C. F.—It is not good manners when you visit a picture gallery to stand too long conversing in front of pictures. Take seats, and allow others to make examination.

C. A.—What is called carelessness generally consists in the neglect of details. A habit is contracted of performing the duties of life in a thoughtless fashion, without attention.

R. H. G.—Should there be two ladies on horseback, the gentleman should ride to the right of both of them, unless they may need his assistance, in which case he will ride between them.

T. R. A.—"Ides" simply means "eight;" Saxon, "eahta;" French, "huit." The t has been changed to d in "Ide." The notion of the date being unlucky sprang from the fact of Julius Cæsar being assassinated on March 15th (the Ide), 44 B. C.

FLORENCE A.—An Arian is one who adheres to the doctrines of Arius, who taught that Jesus is inferior to God, and that the Holy Spirit is not God. The Aryan race is the parent stock of what is called the Indo-European family of nations.

W. H. M.—The organic impurities of water are supposed to be rendered inert by boiling, but the water cannot be said to be purified. Water is not itself a nutrient material. It is a physical, and probably a chemical, constituent of the animal body, and therefore indispensable.

NELLY.—The abbreviations "to," "vo," and "mo," which you see on the title-pages of books, signify respectively quarto, octavo, and duo-decimo. To explain the use of these words, the sheet to be used in printing, if folded in four, makes the size of a quarto book-size; if folded into eight leaves, it makes an octavo, and so forth. The terms employed are in Latin.

LYNTON.—It is quite incorrect for the visitor to give her—or his—card to a servant. The name should be given very clearly and distinctly, and it should be announced by the maid. Visitors should never be left in the hall while their names are taken into the mistress of the house; they should always be shown into the drawing-room. Persons coming on business only, should remain in the hall, or ante-room.

M. V.—Adelina Patti, the popular operatic singer, was born at Madrid, Spain, April 9, 1843. After a course of professional study she sang, at an early age, in New York. She made her first appearance in London in 1861, as Amina, in La Sonnambula, and ever since that time has been considered one of the finest singers of the day. In May 1868, she was married to the Marquis de Caux, from whom she was divorced in 1876.

A. O.—Table-turning of the class named has been thoroughly investigated, and shown to be the result of unconscious muscular effort. Expectancy acts as volition and sets the muscles in action without, and even against, the will. This is the explanation of all the series of performances of a kindred nature, including that most startling feat—thought-writing with a pencil simply grasped in the hand not intentionally moved.

J. O. ROSS.—Facility in the expression of thoughts is only to be acquired by practice. Put up with the annoyance of present failure and persevere in talking. Also read carefully, and learn to reason by rapidly writing down your arguments; then put them aside and look at them some time afterwards with a view to criticism, and to ascertain the weak points. Meanwhile do not hesitate to converse. Laugh at your own failures, be good-tempered, and you will succeed.

R. W. F.—The electric light is produced by the electric arc, the most intense source of heat known; platinum is easily volatilized in it, and iridium fused. It is scarcely necessary to say that it will ignite paper, &c. The ratio of heat to light is much less in the electric than in any other light, the heat being the intensest known, but confined to a minute space, compared to the very large volume of comparatively low-temperatured flame required to approach the electric light in illuminating power.

N. F. S.—Most precious stones are characterized by their hardness. The diamond is the hardest substance known, and the varieties of corundum, such as rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and oriental amethysts, come next. The common amethyst is only colored quartz, and although too hard to be scratched with a knife, yields to the file, with some difficulty. If you find any pebble which will scratch the smooth surface of a six-sided pyramid of rock crystal, you may be pretty sure that you have a precious stone, but its money value depends on its clearness and brilliancy. A rough diamond has little to distinguish it to the eye from a small quartz pebble.

ROSA.—The self-knowledge of a fault or weakness is a great thing to gain. The price paid may seem large, but later in life it will be found to have been a good bargain. Do not regret it. What has happened may have prevented the ruin of every chance of happiness. Try to form a habit of self-control by keeping a steady and continuous watch on the temper; believe that those around do not mean to irritate. The state of mind in which a perpetual expectancy of offence is maintained is neither dignified nor conductive to respect. The fretful porcupine is not a pleasant companion. Irritability is not a proof of strength, nor in any sense to be excused on the ground of a sensitive temperament. It is a grave element of evil in the character, and needs to be promptly and unhesitatingly subdued.

GIFTS.

BY C. E. MEETKERKE.

I bear the badge of honor on my breast,
The flaming sword of duty in my hand,
Upon my brow the crowns of victory rest—
Upon my lips the accent of command.

The stars of Heaven in their courses fight
For him who holds aloft the flag of truth;
For him there rise no blinding mists of night,
To him swift years retain immortal youth.

These gifts—not mine, but Fortune's, showered on me,
Are mostly dear for thy sake, O my sweet!
All that my life has won I offer thee,
My laurels fall before thy passing feet.

May's Stratagem.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE

"MAY, are you busy this morning?"

"No; what do you want me to do?"

Nothing very serious, dear; but I have broken the clasp of my bracelet, and I want you to try to get it mended for me. Any jeweler would do it; but I must have it this evening to wear at Mrs. Dane's."

The speaker is my cousin Lili. She is trying on her hat before the looking glass of our pleasant sitting-room. I am on my knees at the side-board cupboard, putting away the butter and sugar and marmalade that we have been using for breakfast.

"All right," I reply gaily, sweeping the crumbs off the one small shelf into my lap. "Hurrah, Lili—here is a tin of oysters! Suppose we have them for breakfast to-morrow morning?"

"You'd better not suggest anything so extravagant to aunt Mary," says Lili, laughing; "and that reminds me—when is she coming home?"

"This evening, I believe. Fanny is much better, and auntie hopes to be able to leave by the four-o'clock train."

"That means she will be here by six at latest. We'd better have some cutlets for tea; don't you think so?"

"Yes; I'll see to them," I answer, locking the cupboard and rising with difficulty to my feet; "and, if I have time, I will go to Piccadilly and get some American tomatoes."

"Good girl!" says Lili tenderly. "And here is the bracelet. If you were to go to Leigh, he would tell you at once where to take it."

"I shall have no occasion to trouble Leigh," I reply, shaking my linen apron in the fender; "I have seen a working-jeweler's shop not very far away, and I will take it there first."

Lili makes her books and music into one parcel, gathers her long black dress into its fastener, and, kissing me affectionately, hurries away. She is a dear little hard-working governess, also a very fine musician, and, between the two, she earns a very comfortable livelihood. She shares a charming suite of apartments with a widowed aunt, who is very much attached to her, and who, in my opinion, is the very model of chaperons.

Mrs. Leslie, or aunt Mary, as we call her, has been away for some days visiting a sick friend in the country.

Lili is engaged to be married to Charlie Dane, the son of a near neighbor of ours at home; and to-night he and Lili are going to a party given to their honor by the uncle who has brought Charlie up. I have been invited too; but, alas, I have no costume gorgeous enough to appear in as Lili's friend, so I do not go!

Charlie is a handsome clever fellow, and is fast rising in his profession as an architect; but I do not like him, and Lili's devoted love for him has always been a matter of astonishment to me. She is so pure and good and lovely; and, if Charlie lived to be a hundred years old, he will never be worthy of her. However, Lili has chosen to marry him, and perhaps there is more good in him that I imagine.

Having tidied up our small parlor and watered the flowers, I array myself for taking Lili's bracelet to be mended; and, after five minutes' chat with our amiable landlady, in which I inform her of the time of my aunt's arrival, and what we shall want for tea, I let myself out into the warm spring sunlight, and saunter delighted down the street.

Suddenly some one touches me lightly upon the shoulder, and a voice inquires breathlessly whither I am going. The hand and voice are Charlie's.

I tell him I am going on an errand for Lili, and bid him good-bye at least half a dozen times, while he coolly walks on by my side.

"Don't be angry," he says, trying to get into step with me; "I've nothing particular to do this morning, and I want to have a talk with you. I suppose I can go on Lili's errand too?"

"No, you cannot," I reply crossly. "I do not want you with me."

"You never do, May; you avoid me as though I had the plague."

"I do nothing so flattering; I am perfectly indifferent about your movements generally, but this morning I prefer my own company to anybody else's."

"You won't let me accompany you?"

"No; I will not." I have come to a dead stop, but Charlie does not seem to notice it.

"Let me accompany you this once, May, and I'll never bother you again."

"No; you shall not," I cry in a rage. "I don't want you, and I won't have you—there!"

"Indeed," answers Charlie. "But, having made up my mind to keep with you, I don't see how can you prevent me."

"Don't you? Very well then—I will show you;" and, running up the steps of a large house we have just passed, I violently ring the bell, and Charlie is left alone.

Leigh Morton, at whose house I have taken refuge, is my cousin. He is an artist, and very poor, but he is clever, and he works hard; so some day, if health and fortune do not forsake him, he may be rich and famous.

It is many weeks since I have been in Leigh's studio, and he may not be at home. My heart throbs so loudly that I think some one must hear its beating, while I wait for an answer to my summons. Then the door opens, I step into the cool dark hall, and Leigh himself is coming down the grand though dilapidated stairway to meet me.

"Why, what a surprise!" he cries, with a genuine tone of welcome in his voice. "And all alone too! Come into my room and let us have a nice quiet chat."

Leigh's room is large and bare; there are no rich draperies or old armor or antique cabinets to give an air of culture and mystery to the pictures he labors over so faithfully. He is no dilettante, painting for pastime, but a man of intense thought and feeling, who has something to express by his art, and, in following after his highest ideal, he forgets at times the need for wealth and leisure to ensure him success for his mighty efforts.

Then, again, his health is very delicate, and he has no one to look after him and see that he does not kill himself by overwork and lack of the commonest comforts of life—no one indeed but the little Frenchman M. Rolfe, who shares his studio, and engraves for a living the pictures of more successful men than his friend.

M. Rolfe comes forward and chatters to me in his funny broken English; and then I sit down by Leigh's easel, and tell him about the bracelet. He examines it carefully, and carries it away for a few minutes, then returns with the welcome intelligence that he can get it mended for me by six o'clock.

"I will bring it along myself," he says kindly, "and pay my respects to aunt Mary at the same time. And now tell me all about the country, May, and what it was like when you last saw it."

Leigh adores the country, and knows every inch of Glenthorn better than even I do; yet I describe the lanes and woods and fields to him as though he had never seen them in his life, and answer all his questions about the people and the place until I think it is time to go.

"Come early, Leigh," I say at parting. "Aunt Mary will be so glad to see you. Lili and Charlie are going to a party to-night, and we can have such a good talk; and I will play to you, if you like, all your favorite airs from Faust."

"Thanks, May; I will come—never fear."

My heart seems overflowing with joy as Leigh takes my hand upon the threshold of the room and escorts me down the stately stairs to open the hall door for me; and, with many injunctions to him to remember the bracelet and to come early, I pass out again into the brilliant light of the streets.

Having nothing particular to do, I decide to go home, get a basket, and invest in various small luxuries from the American store.

"What a shame," I think to myself, "that Leigh should have to work so hard! How pale he looked, how thin he is, and how frightfully he stoops, while Charlie——"

But, with Charlie's name upon my lips, I run against Charlie himself at the corner of the street. He is anxiously examining the contents of a bric-a-brac shop-window until I pass him, then he hurries after me.

"May, why are you so unreasonable?" he says determinedly. "I know you went into Morton's only to escape me; so I have waited for you. I have made up my mind to speak to you alone to-day, therefore you might as well listen quietly."

"I cannot hear a word you say," I shout, as a deafening railway-van thunders along the street. "What do you want to talk to me about that you must see me alone?"

"Can you not guess?"

"No more than Adam," I reply, with forced hilarity. "But, if we are to talk, let us get into some quieter place; I can hardly hear my own voice in this hub bub."

"Shall I call a hansom, and drive to the park?"

"Certainly not, when an omnibus will take us there in five minutes. But I cannot waste my time in the park to-day; I have to go into Piccadilly to get some things for aunt Mary."

"All right," says Charlie firmly; "then we will go to Piccadilly; but the park will be delicious this morning. Never mind your errands for once, there's a dear girl. Come with me into the park now, just for ten minutes."

So we go into the park, and walk away from the beaten track, over the green spring grass, in sight of the blue sky and freshly-leaved trees; and so soft and balmy is the gentle breeze that one might well imagine the great expanse of flickering greenward to be a hundred miles from the dust and noise and heat of the metropolis.

At last we sat ourselves undr a fine old elm, and there I listen to Charlie's story. At first I am too much astonished to say anything; I sit quite still, my eyes fixed upon the dancing sunlight on the waters of the lake, while the carriages flash past like phantoms in a dream, and Charlie's words re-echo themselves dully in my brain. Then suddenly I seem to understand clearly what he is saying, what he means, and great pain and terror succeed the quietness.

He tells me that it is I, and not Lili, whom he loves—that, much as he admires and esteems his betrothed, he has lately lost his heart entirely to me—that he was really in love with Lili in the old days when they were children together, and that afterwards, when they were first engaged, he seemed to love her very much; but that was before he saw me; then I came to visit her, and he loved me from the first moment he saw me, and, having struggled against his love for long enough, he had at last determined to make an effort to free himself and win me for his wife.

This is the substance of Charlie's communication—and I am bound to believe it is true, so earnestly and passionately does he speak; he declares that he will confess all to Lili, and trust to her pride and generosity to release him from his engagment to her.

"You are mad," I cry at last, struggling to speak quietly and calmly—"simply mad! I do not love you, and wouldn't marry you were you free fifty thousand times! Is it to hear this stupid nonsense that you persuaded me to come hither with you to day? I wish I had never seen you, nor Lili either!"—confusing my meaning in my distress. "How dare you talk so wickedly to me—Lili's friend—who has never done you any harm in her life? If it were not for Lili, I would never speak to you again."

I turn away from Charlie and beat my foot angrily upon the soft spongy grass. The sunlight dances and shimmers through the leafy boughs under which we sit; a black bird begins to utter one or two melodious notes from a small plantation just before us.

Never, so far as I can trace back, have I given Charlie the slightest ground for belief that I would marry him if he were free. I would not marry him if he were the only man in the world. I should always have thoroughly disliked him had he not been Lili's lover.

Lili loves him—indeed trusts him honors him; there must then be something good in him, or he could not have gained Lili's love so completely.

This is simply a temporary fit of lunacy. He has taken my hand, and I feel that he has put something on one of the fingers. It is a diamond ring; I see the sudden wonderful flashing of the stone's rays; and then Charlie pleads again, pale and trembling with excess of emotion.

"May darling, do not be angry with me for loving you better than life or honor. I cannot help it. It is my fate. Turn your face to me once more, and tell me that you love me a little. Ah, I know you would listen to me were it not for Lili! I know I could make you love me if you would but let me. My dearest, do not shake your head; I do not believe that you do not love me. And I will never give you up—never, never—I swear it, darling—while you remain free for me to love and win!"

I wrench my hand from Charlie, and the ring drops at his feet.

In my desperation a wild idea flashes into my mind, and I avail myself of it unhesitatingly.

"But I am not free," I gasp, hardly knowing what I am saying; "and, if you were so this minute, it could make no difference to me, because I am already engaged."

Charlie steps back some paces, and looks at me critically.

"You are not speaking the truth, May. I don't believe a word of it."

I drop my head on the arm of the seat I am leaning over, and almost cry with anger and vexation. If I were sure Lili would not mourn too much for the loss of her lover, I would defy Charlie and rush home to her at once. But I know Lili could not love any one lightly; and, after all, I have a little faith in Charlie's goodness of heart; and, if I play my part well, he may in the future love Lili better than he has yet done.

"Who is the happy man who has gained your love?" says Charlie, after waiting for me to speak. "Tell me his name, or I will not believe you."

I shake my head, and mentally run over the list of my acquaintances who have at various times paid me some slight attention; but I do not succeed in fixing upon one in particular.

"It is not Leigh, surely?" asks Charlie, in a tone of amazement. "It cannot be Leigh—Leigh Morton; yet there is no one else. May, is it Leigh?"

I nod my head affirmatively, and breathe freely again. Leigh will do, I think to myself, better than any one I could have mentioned, for he is slightly related to me; but my face turns a brilliant crimson as I watch Charlie's chagrin.

"Leigh Morton, a penniless sickly artist, who will never be able to marry you until you are an old woman—if he can then—oh, May, it is preposterous! What are your friends about that they do not interfere and prevent such an absurd engagement?"

"Don't abuse my property!" I answer proudly. "And let us keep this morning's talk a secret from everybody. I shall not betray you; and Lili is still your betrothed, you know. I shall go away to-morrow, and you will soon forget me. Very likely we shall never meet again, especially"—with a great gulp, and feeling very guilty—"if Leigh should go to Italy, as he talks of doing; we might be middle-aged people before we returned to England."

"I don't know about Lili," says Charlie sadly; "she ought not to marry me without knowing of my love for you."

"Rubbish!" I cry in alarm. "You don't love me a bit like you do Lili. It is the merest fancy of the hour. Lili has been your sweetheart for years, and is one of the sweetest, truest girls in the world. when I am gone, you will wonder how one moment you could have been false to her."

"You are very good, May; and I suppose you are right. Heaven knows I would atone to Lili if I could; and perhaps if I told her——"

"You would kill her, Charlie—indeed you would. Lili would never forget it. The whole thing is over and done with. Put it entirely out of your thoughts for ever; promise me you will before I go. You must—you shall promise me."

"I will promise you, May," says Charlie resolutely; "and, what is more, I will be worthy of Lili's love for your sake."

"No, no," I answer laughing, "not for my sake, but for her own."

Then, according to my wish, Charlie calls a hansom, and I am driven home alone in a state of mind better imagined than described; for in getting out of one difficulty I have but got into another.

I forget to tell Charlie that my engagement is a profound secret, and he will, of course, ask Lili about it when he sees her to-night, and Lili will question me, and what shall I say? The more I think of my position the worse it appears; and, as the day wears on, my distress of mind becomes unendurable.

At six o'clock aunt Mary arrives, and is soon disrobing in her own room; at a quarter-past I make the tea, and set the tea-things ready on the table.

The cutlets are simmering in the fender,

and the tomatoes are boiling in the dish beside them. I have opened the tin of oysters, and lit the little spirit-lamp to warm them when wanted. Our meals are generally taken in a somewhat primitive manner; but they are none the less enjoyable on that account. I rush to the window every few moments, and look anxiously across the square. If aunt Mary should come down before Leigh arrives, how am I to tell him of the liberty I have taken with his name?

Presently a knock comes at the door. It is Leigh with the bracelet.

My face reddens painfully as I meet him; and, taking the little case from him, in my confusion I lay it down on the top of the oysters, and rush madly into my subject.

"Leigh," I begin gaily, as though I were repeating a joke, "what do you think I said for fun this morning, because Charlie Dane was teasing me? I said I was engaged to you, and he believes it's true; and I want you"—in my most coaxing manner—"to pretend that it is so this afternoon."

Leigh looks at me with an intense expression of amusement, and comes closer to me.

"May I, in that case, have the privileges of a lover?" he asks.

"I don't know what they are," I answer, laughing; "but don't do anything more absurd than you can help."

"You see I might have known what was expected of me," he replies gaily; "for I purchased these for you on my way here. A true-lover's gift, are they not?"

He takes a little bunch of white violets from his pocket, and presents them to me.

"They are delicious, Leigh. I am so much obliged to you. Really you are too kind."

"Not for our new relationship, darling," says Leigh grandly.

"Don't call names if you please," I reply, burning myself with the handle of the tea-pot; "and remember that we are only playing at being engaged. Here is Lili at last!"

Lili comes in very wearied with her day's work, and aunt Mary joins us almost directly. We wait some time for Charlie, and then begin our tea.

I am nearly wild, thinking Charlie will not come at all; but he arrives when we have half finished our meal, and complains of having a violent headache.

Lili gives him her easy-chair, aunt Mary finds him her strongest salts, and I pour him out my best, last cup of tea. But I hardly speak a word to him; I devote myself entirely to Leigh.

Leigh is not at all like himself to-day; he looks younger and brighter and handsomer than I have seen him; and I find myself positively blushing once under the spell of his dark earnest eyes.

Lili and Charlie depart together for their party; and, having seen them safely driven away from the door, I return to aunt Mary and Leigh. But the latter meets me in the passage, and suddenly, without a word, takes me in his arms and closes my lips with one long passionate kiss.

I break away from him, angry and indignant, and vanish for the remainder of the evening.

Lili comes back very late, or rather early in the morning, with a splendid ring shining on her hand. She is radiant with love and happiness. She throws herself in her soft white loveliness by the side of the little bed on which I am lying in my dressing-gown, and wakens me from my first sleep to hear her happy news.

Charlie has made her promise to marry him in a month. They are to go to Rome and Paris. Charlie is so noble, so generous—in fact, Charlie is a hero, and her cup of happiness is filled to the brim, and running over. I sit up in bed and listen dreamily to her excited eager talk, and then I fall asleep again, remembering only Leigh, his kind eyes, his tender smile, and the one passionate kiss that had sealed my lips in the door-way.

Two months after this, Lili and Charlie are married, and I am at home again with my mother, and devoting myself to the manifold duties of village school teaching. It is a very quiet life I lead, and it is rather dull after my exciting visit to town; but Leigh writes to me sometimes, and I rejoice to know of Lili's happiness.

One evening, when I return home after my day's work, I find a stranger in our little parlor, lazily lying at full length upon the old-fashioned sofa, and blowing clouds of tobacco-smoke through our rose-garlanded window.

My mother is in the kitchen, with her best Sunday dress on, and the snowiest of tables holds a sumptuous repast ready to be consumed at a moment's notice. Flowers and fruits grace the substantial dishes, and mother has positively got our occasional maid, Berry, to help her to do honor to our unexpected guest.

"Run, May, and get dressed," she says tenderly, pushing me out of the kitchen—"never mind who is in the parlor—for you are not fit to be seen."

But the stranger in the parlor thinks otherwise; and at the sound of my voice he comes through the door into the kitchen, stooping to avoid knocking his head against the low rafters. It is Leigh Morton.

My dress is a flowered print of the commonest kind, and my straw hat, which has done duty for two summers, cost originally very little.

Picture this costume, embellished with fragments of hay and various bunches of poppies, which the children have adorned me with in our walk home through the hay-fields, and you have me exactly as I stand when Leigh comes in.

But, instead of shaking me quietly by the hand in his usual sober way, he looks at me with eyes overflowing with love and admiration, and puts his arm round me and kisses me.

"Don't be frightened, darling," he says, smiling at my astonishment. "It would not do to keep our engagement a secret any longer, for I could not live without a sight of you again; so I have told the mother all about it; and she is quite willing you should wait for me and be properly engaged, although I expect you'll get a scolding for leaving me to enlighten her upon the subject. Is it not so mother?"

For a moment only my astonishment keeps me passive and silent; then I turn away from the two smiling, loving faces that are so enjoying my mystification, and rush headlong from the house. "Angry" and "indignant" are mild words to express my state of mind in those first few moments.

Leigh hurries after me, and joins me at the orchard stile.

"It was cruel, ungenerous, unmanly of you," I cry excitedly, keeping my face well away from him; "you knew from the first that it was only in fun!"

"You must speak for yourself, May," Leigh answers gravely, taking my reluctant hand and holding it fast in his own two large ones. "You were in fun and I was in earnest; that's the only difference between us; but, before I can be quite sure that you were only in fun, and that you wish me still to think so, turn your face to me so. Was there not a little love left for me, darling, after the fun was a thing of the past?"

For reply I drop my head upon his arm, and his passionate words and tender kisses steal all my heart away.

Forgetful of the meal waiting for us, we remain in happy talk at the mossy foot of an ancient apple-tree; and it is not until my mother comes out into the garden, looking anxiously all round, that I remember exactly what drove me from the house before my toilet was made.

When the twilight falls, Leigh and I pass into the soft still air of the garden, and live the happiest hours that have ever yet come to us in life.

I learn how long he has loved me, how despairingly, how hopelessly, until that sweet spring evening when my playful declaration suddenly gave him the courage and determination to keep me his own for ever.

The stars come out, and the golden moon shines over the tall elms that whisper lovingly above our little red-roofed cottage. The garden paths are dim and gray, and the lupins stand up in the faint light like sentinels about the fragrant porch door.

Beautiful as my home is, and sweet as is my life, they both seem hateful to me when Leigh tells me we must part. For poverty is hard to bear, and success has not yet crowned his efforts, and he is too proud to ask me to share his cares and loneliness.

"Leigh, why don't you let me go back with you now?" I say at last, after a severe struggle to keep my proposition to myself. "It is so wretched to part with you, to live so long, so very long without you. Leigh, why do you not ask me to come? Why do you let me say all this?"

A sudden splendid light flashes into his dark face, and he holds me fast in his arms.

"May, my darling, would you really come?"

"Try me," I say, thankful that he cannot see my blushes in the moonlight.

"Dearest, the life is very hard, and full of troubles and crosses; but, with you, it would be a paradise to me. Do you really mean that you would come to my rooms, live the life I live? May, speak—my wife, will you come?"

I lift my face, and meet his earnest thrilling eyes, and answer "Yes."

I am only a little simple country girl—poor indeed, but with a name and reputation among my simple kinsfolk. No one will oppose my wish and determination to share my betrothed's life and labors—my mother, who adores him, least of all.

Before he leaves us this night, everything is settled. M. Rolfe will have to find another studio, and Leigh will save no end of money in models. I shall keep the rooms, cook the dinner, do all the marketing, and sit to Leigh for all the pictures he paints.

Mother has proposed that we spend our honeymoon with her; for Leigh needs a long rest in the fresh fair country he has been absent from so long; and Leigh has assented joyfully.

And now he has gone back to town to make a few other arrangements, and to work and wait for a month until he returns to me to claim me for his wife.

The month is over at last. I have said farewell to all my school-children, and, upon this evening, am putting the finishing touches to my sweet white bridal dress.

I have made it myself, and have embroidered it with green leaves and snowy violets, in memory of the flowers Leigh first gave to me. And the little house, in its nest of greenery, is bright and beautiful as loving hands can make it.

Not a cloud is in the sky. The air is heavy with the scent of flowers, for the full rich summer is over all the land.

And that is Leigh's voice in the hall, Leigh's step at the door. I turn with my precious robe in my hands, and am caught and clasped to his heart, half smothered in the folds of my lovely work.

What memories this bridal-dress will have, for to-morrow is our wedding-day!

Out Sleighing.

BY R. A.

"ARE you plentifully supplied with wraps, little sister? We have a long ride before us, and a cold one."

"Oh, yes, Rob. Mamma took good care to see to that. Do take this great shawl, will you? She insists that I will need it, although I shall not, I am sure."

The carriage waiting at the door on this cold December morning conveyed me, Rob Ellison, and my sister Nanette to the depot to take the train for Everton, where we arrived after a day's ride. Another carriage met us there and took us to "The Elms," the old mansion of my uncle, John Crofton.

"The Elms," was a genuine old country house where the genius of hospitality reigned supreme. The walls were decorated with pictures, some of which were old time portraits of fair ladies with powdered hair, gorgeous in silks and laces.

Deer antlers, fishing-rods and engravings of dogs and horses were in the hall, and through the open doors that were never shut rolled a glowing warmth of anthracite.

It was a jolly place to visit. Uncle John was a fine old gentleman. His stable was well stocked with splendid horses, always at the command of his guests; his cellar was plentifully supplied with the choicest wines, and his table with all the delicacies of the season.

Henrietta Crofton was the grown-up daughter of the family, and on this occasion some of her old school friends were domiciled under her father's roof of a brief season.

I was very glad to escort my sister to "The Elms," for the fair Henrietta had been the subject of my day-dreams for years. We had been much thrown together in our childhood, and were so fond of each other then that we had exchanged a promise to marry when we were old enough.

This was only children's talk, but I had treasured it in my heart, intending that no effort of mine should be wanting to bring about its fulfilment.

Henrietta had grown up into a beautiful woman, my ideal of all that was charming in womanhood, and the thought of passing a fortnight under the same roof with her gave me perfect happiness.

I had been traveling in Europe for two long years, and my anxiety to see her was so great that when I greeted the family and found Henrietta was absent, she having gone to the town on some errand, it was as much as I could do to keep my impatient feet from taking the road to meet her on her return. However, we soon heard the sound of wheels coming down the avenue; and I rushed to the piazza as the vehicle drove up.

When the carriage door was opened and Henrietta leaned forward to grasp my hands, at the same time attempting to alight without assistance, she stepped upon her dress, which caused her to fall. I received her in my arms, and on my breast was one of the loveliest girls I had ever seen.

Henrietta soon regained her feet and tripped hastily up the steps. There were indications on her face that she knew her cheeks had touched mine as she fell, and that my arms had inclosed her in a warm embrace. When I followed her and our eyes met she blushed and tried unsuccessfully to laugh.

How happily our time was passing at "The Elms." Our rides and walks in the crisp, cold December days added a rich glow to the ladies' cheeks and gave a keen sparkle to their eyes. Henrietta was like her dear old self of many years ago, and I was supremely happy.

Alas! a serpent was soon to enter our Eden. One of Henrietta's visitors, a Miss Levering from New York, was about returning home, and her brother was expected at "The Elms," to escort her.

When he arrived he proved to be a fine-looking young fellow with polished manners, well skilled in all those agreeable trifles that attract the attention of young girls.

He was a cultured musician and a graceful dancer; he could play innocent games of cards with dexterity, while his conversation was rich and sparkling; to crown all he was the only son of a millionaire, who allowed him to use his money as if it were his own.

It was no wonder that Mr. Levering was immediately attracted by the beauty and grace of Henrietta, nor that he at once showered his attentions upon her. I had never feared encountering a rival before the advent of this young man, but now I saw, with great pangs of jealousy creeping through my heart, that Henrietta treated him with marked kindness and was flattered by his devotion to her.

I regretted this as much for his sake as my own, for there was an indescribable something about the young man that made me fear he was not a proper associate for the ladies at "The Elm."

How uncertain are the events of the morrow! The sun rose, bright and beautiful, in a cloudless sky, but before noon the day grew bitterly cold and occasional clouds chased each other across the heavens.

Towards evening the sky was entirely obscured and light flakes of snow began to float in the atmosphere.

Mr. Crofton predicted a severe snow storm, and before dawn the prediction was verified. The Leverings, instead of taking their departure, were likely to become fixtures for some time.

Sleet and snow continued to fall without cessation all the next day. It was not until evening that the clouds rolled away and the full moon shone out in an azure sky, shedding its pale light over the thick, white carpet that covered the earth, and giving a brilliant luster to the ice-clad trees and shrubbery.

Although everything without was so cheerless, the drawing-room presented a scene of loveliness and gayety. The ladies employed upon their embroidery or crochet work were exchanging repartee, while Henrietta was playing brilliantly on the piano, attended by Mr. Levering, who bent over her to turn the leaves of her music and utter low whispers that brought a flood of blushes to her face.

He replaced her at the instrument, and she stood by his side while he ran his fingers over the keys and sang love songs to her with his magnificant tenor voice until the whole room was filled with the melody.

I sat beside Nanette, with a book in my hand, full of hatred for the man who had usurped my place. Henrietta would not look toward me. I could not catch a single glance of her eye; at last I saw her leave the drawing-room and followed her, meeting her in the hall.

"Have I offended you, dear cousin?" I said, extending my hand to her, but she only looked in my face with a painful expression in her eyes as she whispered to me: "Oh, Rob, how could you!"

A sob was in her voice, and she turned away without another word and left me. Something had evidently made her unhappy, but I was guiltless.

The party at "The Elms" were beginning to grow restive under the monotony of their snow-bound existence, when Mr.

Crofton said he was desirous that the city girls should see what was meant by a genuine country sleighing frolic.

He further informed them that he had sent word to the Red Cross Hotel, about ten miles distant, to provide music and a good supper for our party, and to see that the house was thoroughly heated: he added that enough horses were in the stable, but as he owned only one sleigh he would leave it for the gentlemen to supply the others needed from the neighboring town.

All was now merry bustle and confusion; the girls were delighted at the prospect of participating in this new pleasure and began to look up their warmest wraps, while Mr. Levering and myself went to Everton to procure the required sleighs. I was not anxious for his company, but as it could not be avoided I submitted as gracefully as possible.

We found but two sleighs procurable in the town, and these would hold only two persons each. This delighted me, for, being accustomed to drive with Henrietta, I thought it would surely fall to my lot to have her for my companion.

But I reckoned without my host, for when I asked her to accompany me she said, with a smile, that she was already engaged to go with Mr. Levering.

Of course, the sleigh-ride at once lost all attraction for me, and I would gladly have remained behind had it not been for an undefined feeling of uneasiness for Henrietta that possessed me.

Therefore I invited Miss Crosby, and when we started it would have been difficult to find a merrier party than ours.

The road was splendid, and the snow creaked and whistled beneath our runners. The horses were soon covered with flakes of congealed moisture, and flew over the road, their hoofs keeping time to the merry jingle of the many sleigh-bells.

The moonlight on the snow turned the night into a brilliant day, and the ladies enlivened the ride with merry songs and jests.

At last our destination was reached and the girls, thoroughly warmed before a roaring hickory fire, were shown to the dressing room, from which they soon emerged to be escorted to the dancing apartment, a large hall decorated with evergreens and lighted up with an immense number of candles in tin sconces fastened to the walls.

The floor was white and smooth; the music was furnished by a negro violin player with a colored assistant, who banged away on a tambourine.

Mr. Crofton was in his element. He met numberless acquaintances, among whom were some of the foremost men of the county, and soon had all the young ladies supplied with partners. Of course Mr. Levering took almost entire possession of Henrietta, and while the rest of the party held high revel, I sat alone.

"Hey-day, my good fellow," cried Uncle John Crofton, as he came to me and slapped me on the shoulder, "why are you not dancing? By the way now, Rob," and as he spoke a sudden thought seemed to strike him, "why is that fellow Levering always with Etta? I don't like him. She came here with you, did she not?"

When I told him no he was very angry, and said he would soon have arranged the affair had he known of it.

"But," he concluded, "we will have to pass it over this time. The girl is crazy to trust herself with a whip as he is. You must keep a sharp lookout for them, Rob."

That was just what I intended to do.

There was a delicious supper, of which we partook heartily, for we all had keen appetites after our ride in the frosty night. Then, after a while, we prepared to start for home.

I had ordered my sleigh to the door and was waiting very impatiently for the appearance of Miss Crosby, when I saw Henrietta coming along the passage, attended by Mr. Levering, who helped her into his sleigh, then jumped in hurriedly himself, and taking the reins drove rapidly away in a direction entirely opposite to that which led to "The Elms."

Here, then, were some grounds for my uneasiness. I did not take time to think. Miss Crosby was as thoroughly forgotten as if she had never lived.

I threw myself into my sleigh and, with my fine little pair of spirited Arab horses, was on their track with the speed of the wind.

Levering's horses, too, were thoroughbreds from the stable of Mr. Crofton, and the race between us was a fearful one.

Once I approached them so closely that I plainly heard Henrietta calling out to me for aid, which almost maddened me.

In desperation I applied the lash to my Arabs and, with their increased speed, gained upon Levering so rapidly there was no escape for him.

Levering stopped his horses as I came up. Worn out for their long drive they stood panting, while he threw down the reins and advanced upon me with the whip uplifted in hand, which I wrested from him, when he gave me a blow with his clenched fist that made me stagger.

For Henrietta's sake I tried to avoid violence, but found the effort of no avail and closed with him. The struggle was desperate, but I finally came off conqueror and my antagonist lay senseless on the snow.

Henrietta's loud screams had attracted the attention of some people living near by. After giving them the name of Mr. Crofton and saying that an accident had happened, they consented to stable the horses until morning and take care of Levering, who was now recovering consciousness.

I placed Henrietta in my sleigh. She was almost crazed. When she became sufficiently composed she told me that when they started from the hotel she thought of course she was going home, that it was not until Mr. Levering had declared his intention of taking her to New York and marrying her immediately that she discovered he was inebriated, which she supposed was the cause of his unmanly conduct.

"And you can still find excuses for him, Henrietta?"

"No, Rob, I cannot. Yet it is all your fault that this terrible thing happened. You took it into your head to neglect me because I treated our guest with politeness, and it was in revenge that I encouraged Mr. Levering's attentions."

"You made me suffer enough for any fault I may have committed. Will you forgive me?"

"It is I who ought to ask forgiveness of you, dear Rob, of you to whom I owe so much."

"Then will you give me back the place once held in your affections?"

"You have never been deprived of it," answered Henrietta.

"And you still intend to be my little wife?"

"If you will accept of me after all my wicked conduct," was the answer.

And so the matter was the settled.

The next morning Mr. Crofton sent for his horses and to inquire about Mr. Levering. The horses was returned in safety, but Mr. Levering had disappeared, and the Croftons never saw him again.

Of Washington.—Washington was once out hunting in the Virginia forests accompanied by his favorite hound Governor. A heavy storm of rain and mist coming up, he lost his way, his powder was rendered useless, and, to add to the perils and inconvenience of his situation, he found that he had not his pocket-compass with him. In this sorry plight he wandered in circles, as people do who are lost in the bush, wet, weary, hungry, for he had no food save wild berries. He was almost exhausted, when a happy thought occurred to him. Tying his pocket-flask and his powder-flask to his dog's tail, he fastened his long sash around the animal's neck, holding one end in his hand; then he gave the dog a tremendous kick. The animal was so completely surprised at this treatment that he stood for a moment paralyzed; then, wheeling about, he struck a bee line for home. It is a curious but undoubted fact that any sudden alarm or attack will quicken a dog's perceptive faculties, render more subtle his scent and powerful his memory, and induce him to strike for his home. So the dog fled, and Washington followed desperately over stumps, through bogs, into briars, until finally the sash gave way. With one tremendous yell Washington soared still further the frantic animal, the terrible banging and clattering of the flasks at his heels added to his speed, and in a moment he was out of sight. After a hearty laugh at the incident, Washington leisurely marched in the direction the dog was taken. It was easy to do so by observing the mossy sides of the trees, the direction of the longer branches, and the other signs with which an experienced hunter is acquainted. It was not long therefore before he reached a clearing, and was once more in safety. But the dog, once faithfully attached to him, could not to the day of its death endure his presence or even hear his voice without relapsing into an agony of terror.

"When a woman complains to her sisters that her new hat is the cheapest she ever had," says the Manayunk philosopher, "you may rest assured that it is really the most expensive she ever possessed, and she wants to call attention to it."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Taggart family, of Newburg, N. Y., are noted for the number and size of its members. There are 11 children, who range in height from 5 feet 9 inches to 6 feet 11 inches, and average in weight from 116 pounds to 275 pounds. Their combined height is 68 feet 3 inches, an average of 6 feet 2½ inches; combined weight, 2394 pounds, an average of nearly 218 pounds.

Observant doctors have been taking measurements of the height of women in France, England and America, and announce that the English women is the tallest, and the American next. The average height of the French women is five feet one inch. The American woman is nearly two inches taller, and the women of Great Britain half an inch taller than they. But American women weigh slightly more than either of the others, and it is said that their average weight is about 117 pounds.

There is a young man now in Jefferson Market Police Station who went to New York from Pittsburg about a week ago and has since managed to have a highly exciting time. "On Monday he obtained a position in a well-known business house. On Tuesday he met a young woman with whom he fell in love. On Wednesday he married her. On Thursday he forged orders on which he obtained from his employers a considerable sum of money. On Friday he was arrested, and on Saturday his wife instituted proceedings for divorce."

The London Illustrated News says: "Mr. Frederick Locker, in his 'Patch work,' tells a story in illustration of the unwillingness among certain circles to attitude to such a thing as a leg. A girl goes in hot haste to fetch a doctor for her sister, who, she says, has broken a limb. "Which limb is it?" says the doctor. "Oh, I can't tell which limb," says the girl. "But you must,' replies the doctor. "Hang it! is it the limb she threads her needle with?" "No, sir," says the girl immensely relieved, "it's the limb she wears her garter on."

No country contributes so many immigrants to the United States in proportion to population as Norway. It is chiefly the rural Norse that come to America, and the immigrants are for the most part under 30 years of age. The Norse are good farmers and thrifty citizens. They, as well as their neighbors, the Swedes, have a strong desire to make homes for themselves and to have land and the conveniences of life. They frequently return to visit their native country, but they become permanent citizens of the United States. Most of those that come are of marked peasant type.

Among the manuscripts unearthed at Fayoum, in Egypt, and now under examination at the British Museum, one has lately been deciphered which possesses a peculiar interest for students of early Christian history. It is a certificate issued during the Decian persecution in the third century to some faint-hearted Christian that he has fulfilled the requirement of sacrificing to the gods. The subject in this case is an old man of 72 years, "a scar over right eyebrow." The document is made out in regular official form, duly signed and attested. This is the only specimen of its kind that has yet been discovered.

An extraordinarily muddy street crossing on the North Side, Chicago, furnished a pretty tableau a la Sir Walter Raleigh and his cloak recently. A charming demoiselle was poised upon her pointed toes upon the partially submerged stones of the railway track. Upon either side a literal sea of mud extended. Her escort was in despair. Then a gallant idea flashed upon his brain. Forthwith his heretofore immaculately varnished boot afforded an instant's lodging place midway to the sidewalk. With a moment's assistance the dainty foot rested upon the firmer mud-splashed boot and mademoiselle resumed her walk unspotted from the street. The age of chivalry is not yet passed from Arcady.

Malvern W. Cresworth, an English miner, now in Southwest Mexico, announces a despatch, claims, "that he has discovered a deserted city situated about 80 miles west of Lake Colorado, in the recesses of the Sierra Madres, and occupying a basin of 10 miles long by eight miles wide. Perpendicular cliffs, he says, surround the basin on all sides, rising to the height of hundreds of feet. The only entrance to the city is through a deep canyon, 30 feet wide. The buildings are described as constructed of blocks of red stone resembling granite. The business blocks are two and three stories in height, and are different in architectural design from the structures built by the Aztecs and Spaniards. The streets are narrow, but are laid out in regular order. There is a small park, overgrown with rare flowers and tropical vegetation."

You can't tell by the looks of a man's ears how much he knows about music.

The Camphor-Tree.—Why do we continue to depend on certain parts of the world for our supply of what have become necessities? Some of them are vegetable products that with due care ought to grows here where there is every variety of soil and climate. Why cannot the camphor-tree be grown? The tree is of the laurel family, and grows in China, Japan and several of the East India countries. It is a tree of considerable size, straight, towering, elegant. The leaves are oval, inclining to the lancehead shape, as they are pointed at each end. They are glossy and leathery, smelling of camphor strongly when rubbed in the hand. The blossoms of the tree are very small; the fruit is a berry about the size of a pea, of a deep purple color when ripe. The camphor does not exude from the tree, even when the bark is cut, but is found in little bunches in the pores of the wood. To obtain it, the trunk, branches, and even the roots are cut into small bits and distilled. The camphor, volatilized by the heat, deposits on the cover of the vessel as it cools, and to remove it easily the inside of the cover is lined with matting of rice straw. The crude camphor is exported, and in Europe and this country prepared for the market in the form under which we know it. The preparation of camphor originated with the Venetians, and was jealously guarded, but the Dutch in time obtained the secret, and succeeded to an almost complete monopoly of the trade. The wood of the tree is used for trunks and boxes, in which to preserve valuable vestments and garments, as the powerful odor repels most insects.

Perfection.—A friend called on Michael Angelo when he was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again—the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last." "By no means," replied the sculptor. "I have retouched this part and polished that; I have softened this feature and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but these are trifles." "It may be so," replie Angelo; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

PATENTS

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Our Young Folks.

THE LOST PRINCESS.

BY M. A. C.

"WELL, this is getting to be quite serious, you know," said Ruff to Tibby, the two sitting by the deserted nursery fire.

They often sat thus, musing of happier days, when they were both all in all to Minnie, their mistress: never a touch of jealousy between the two, because she so often told them she loved them both dearly.

"And so she did; and so she did," sighed Ruff to night, his heart throbbing with a quiver of wistful pain, sitting there by the fire, where he had once been so happy and beloved—he and Tibby.

Ah! that was in the old days—the Molly Mop days—for so Oliver had named his sister's old discarded doll, now kept in bed almost constantly by her fickle wee mamma, because she was too weak and old to be about—"too scrammy," Oliver said.

But in these days of the Princess Dagmar, the smiling beauty of a birthday doll, sent down from London by Minnie's grandmamma, all was changed.

"Yes, I never knew what a shabby old dog I was growing to be till I lost her love," mused Ruff speaking his thoughts aloud, after making that first remark to his companion.

"No," answered Tibby sorrowfully; "love is a wonderful beautifier. I fancy sometimes that I'm not the beauty I was once said to be."

And Ruff had not the spirit to pay her a compliment and to contradict her; he simply said, "Wow, wow-ow! things are come to a pretty pass!"

"And all through that senseless Princess Dagmar," spoke Tibby, with something like a catfish hiss.

"Yes, and all through her and our dear little mistress's fickleness," sighed Ruff; and there was no real spite in his sorrow.

"Yes," agreed Tibby; "but if that painted beauty of a princess was gone, and our mistress had only Molly Mop to care for besides us, we should be loved again. We are alive, you know, as she so often used to tell us; and live things can love and be loved again—so she used to say—and that was why she loved us so."

"Yes; but the Princess Dagmar isn't alive any more than Molly Mop was alive, and yet——" So far had Ruff got in his speech when the nursery door opened, and in danced the little lady herself, who was making these two hearts so sore, dressed in fur and pretty blue velvet, the Princess Dagmar in her arms. Who could doubt her royalty, looking at her proud simpering face? She too was in outdoor costume; the two had been for a walk.

"There, darling, you must just smell the fire: no more, or your beauty will fade," said six-year-old Minnie, bringing the royal beauty to the fire, where sat Ruff and Tibby.

Ruff whined, and rubbed his head against the little girl's skirts. It was hard enough not to be allowed to go those charming walks with his mistress as formerly, but he did hunger for one pat, one word, on her return, which she never gave him.

As for Tibby, she climbed up on her shoulder; she had done so times before, and had been fondled for it.

But now the little girl gave Ruff a push, and shook her dress, saying—

"Get away, you silly dog! you'll rub your hairs on my dress, and they'll get on the Princess Dagmar's; won't they, beauty?" pressing kisses on the doll's painted cheeks.

As for Tibby, she was jerked from proud elevation, and came down among the fire-irons with a clatter, and the words, "Get away, you silly!"

At this Tibby gave a spiteful spit, but Ruff only moaned inwardly.

"Yes—always the Princess Dagmar."

At the clatter among the fire-irons nurse came forward.

"What are you doing, Miss Minnie?" she asked.

"'Twas Tibby climbed up on my shoulder, and I don't want her there; she gets sillier and sillier. I thought you said, nurse, she and Ruff mustn't come here."

"Well, I did, dear, because you're always snubbing them: but, you see, the poor things come where they've been used. Still, I can't have them knocked over the fender. Go—go!" said she to both, and whisked them out.

With this, Tibby set up her back, and went down to sit by the kitchen fire and brood over her wrongs; but Ruff stole out into the cold wintry moonlight, to sigh, and try to grow accustomed to the change come to his life.

Ah! poor little, fickle, thoughtless Minnie, lavishing her love and care upon her lifeless doll—undressing her and putting her to bed, seeing that her eyes were properly closed in sleep, and the like—while her flesh and blood dog, so capable of giving love for love, walked the garden in his fond yearning pain, and wished, so far as a dog could, that he was dead.

At last he stole in to a late supper with Tibby—they had food enough and to spare, thanks to cook; but Minnie never came down to see them feed, as in the Molly Mop days, to pat their heads, and bid them 'good night."

The time came back to poor Ruff with such a rush of bitter-sweet recollection that he could not eat, though cook gave him the most juicy of bones, and meat on it as well, and wondered why he left it.

But Tibby munched away at her bread and milk, glancing at her friend the while out of one corner of her eye.

"There, do take heart, you poor silly dog!" said she, coming purring to his side, after her nice comfortable supper. "I've a scheme in my head to bring back the old days."

"Wow—what?" inquired Ruff, without spirit.

She reached up, and purred something in his ear: it sounded something like banishment: whatever it was, Ruff did but reply a weary, "Oh!" and went out to his kennel, with his head down, and his tail between his legs.

Well, days were on into weeks; even people do not die when they have lost the love of someone who is life, and joy, and everything to them, much less a dog; but he moped and grew thin, and began to lose what beauty he once possessed—and he was never a handsome dog—only a brown and white nondescript dog, of medium size, with a large faithful heart, as homely creatures so often have.

He seldom followed his wee mistress now—it cut him to the heart to be sent back because he was so teasing; nay, once she even boxed his ears with the same hands that had so often caressed him, because he nearly knocked the Princess Dagmar out of her arms when he reached up for one fond hug, seeing how she was caressing her doll.

No, he never followed her, save to trot behind her at a distance, his eye lovingly upon her.

One day Tibby skipped out to meet him as he went creeping in at the front door.

"Mew!" cried she, which Ruff knew meant "Come," and whisked him on before her, snapping at his tail to make him hurry. In at the nursery door they went, which banged behind them, thanks to Tibby's paw.

"See there!" she hissed; "see!"

There, on the floor, was the Princess Dagmar, in her pretty Court dress, as her small mamma called it—a shiny robe of white and silver. The two went to have a peep at her.

"Now what are you going to do?" inquired Ruff, like a dog in a dream.

"I do? 'Tis you must do. Take her, and bury her as you would a bone. I'll put Molly Mop in her place. I could drag her out of her bed as I did my fine lady from her chair." Nay, she whisked away, and had the invalid out of her bed in a thrice, and lying by her rival, poor, staring, soiled-looking creature, dragged out of bed at so short a notice. "Now bury the Princess Dagmar, and the Molly Mop days will come back—that's my scheme, banishment!" hissed the temptress, showing her teeth.

Poor Ruff sighed. "No! 'twould cause our dear mistress pain; and giving pain for pain doesn't make anybody's pain any better!"

"Phew! dog, phew!" hissed the other; "'twouldn't be for long; and if it was, 'twould be only tit for tat."

Still Ruff shook his head, and said: "No! tit for tat is a mean cruel game. I couldn't play it with anybody I loved, or who had ever loved me!" a sob rising in his throat as he said it.

A queer picture they made: Molly Mop and the royal beauty side by side on the floor, the cat and the dog standing by and regarding them; and lo! in came Minnie, just in time to see the picture.

Tibby, seeing her little game was not to be played out, now gave the princess a spiteful blow with her ready paw, caught it in her dainty robe, and then, as if conscience was making a coward of her thinking the doll had caught her in some sort of net or trap, she began to roll and fight, tumbling the poor beauty over with her.

Ah! what said Minnie?

"Oh, you naughty wicked cat and dog!" Ruff standing by, his eyes wide with wonder.

Well, the princess was rescued; Minnie held her in her arms, the dog and cat banished for ever, Minnie said, from the nursery; and the Princess Dagmar went to pay her visit to Queen Cleopatra, a neighboring doll, in a less regal robe—the silver and white one was spoilt.

Worse still, Minnie, in rescuing her darling from Tibby's clutches, stepped on poor Molly Mop's head and crushed it, so all was over with Molly Mop: the golden era of her days would never return now to poor exiled Ruff and Tibby—exiled from their mistress's heart and her nursery in good truth.

A few days, and Minnie was out walking with her brothers: Jack, a big lad, and Oliver, the author of Molly Mop's loss of beauty, and of her name as well.

The little girl had the Princess Dagmar in her perambulator, and—how she never knew—but just as they were passing over the bridge, where the water swirled madly, she overturned the royal coach, and toppled its occupant into the water.

"Oh, Jack, save her!" cried poor Minnie, as the eager waters clutched her.

"I daren't venture into that depth of water, dear, to save a doll," said he; "but here's Ruff: he'll do it."

Ah! there he was, eager, panting; he had been following on, and hearing his mistress's cry, his heart told him he was wanted.

Poor, thin, shabby, half heart-broken dog. Jack did not notice this, did not know he was not himself when he cried—

"Doll lost! Ruff find!" and sent him into the deep, deep water. Nay, the dog leaped away as if bent on self sacrifice—all for love, mute love for his little mistress.

"I do believe he's got the cramp!" cried horrified Jack, "I can't stand that!" as the creature turned up his fond beseeching eyes to them, peering down from the bridge. "I must save him or——" the boy threw off his jacket and leaped in. He would not venture to save a doll, but he must for dear old Ruff.

Well, he brought him out, and they all gathered round to rub him and cheer him, and to turn him over, but the dog gave no sign nor opened his eyes.

"Feel his heart," said Oliver, who intended to be a doctor some day.

"It beats!" cried he triumphantly. "Now, if we had a little brandy," he remarked, quite professionally.

But at this Ruff opened his eyes. And didn't they rub, and shake, and pat him now? No wonder he came back to life, to get free of their hands; and the first thing he did was to stagger across to Minnie and lick her hand.

That lick broke her heart, and between those two broken hearts—broken by love—such a beautiful friendship was knit up, never to be severed again; nay, they took poor Tibby into their friendship also—a loving band of three.

WHAT BUTTERFLIES ARE GOOD FOR—Utilitarians may, perhaps, inquire the uses of butterflies—what they do, make, or can be sold for; and I must confess that my little favorites neither make anything to wear, like the silkworm, nor anything to eat, like the honey-bee, nor are their bodies saleable by the ton, like the cochineal insects, and that, commercially speaking, they are just worth nothing at all, expecting the few paltry pence or shillings that the dealer gets for their little dried bodies occasionally; so they are of no more use than poetry, painting, and music—than flowers, rainbows, and all such unbusinesslike things. In fact, I have nothing to say in the butterfly's favor, except that it is a joy to the deep-minded and to the simple-hearted, to the sage, and, still better, to the child—that it gives an earnest of a better world, not vaguely and generally, as does every "thing of beauty," but with clearest aim and purpose, through one of the most strikingly perfect and beautiful analogies that we find throughout that vast creation, where "all animals are living hieroglyphs." The butterfly, then, in its own progressive stages of caterpillar, chrysalis, and perfect insect, is an emblem of the human soul's progress, through earthly life and death, to heavenly life.

ONE of the oldest families in Virginia, a branch of which resides in Brooklyn, have for generations spelled their surname Enroughty; but they pronounce it Darby. Another family name in Virginia is that of Pallaferro, which is pronounced Tolliver

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

England has organized her first base ball league.

Lord Salisbury walks four miles some mornings before breakfast.

About 170,000 wolves are killed annually in Russia for the fur market.

The Utah Legislature is discussing a bill to make train robbery punishable with death.

The Chief of Police of Winston, N. C., is 6 feet 4 inches in height and weighs 225 pounds.

Long finger nails are regarded in Northern China as one of the evidences of gentle birth and breeding.

A pair of spectacles worn by W. E. Hileman, of Albany, Georgia, were worn by his father and grandfather.

The Duke of Parma, father of the Princess of Bulgaria, is the father of 15 children—10 daughters and 5 sons—all living

D. M. and C. E. Custer, brothers, who had not seen each other in 18 years, recently met by chance in a hotel at Boise, Idaho.

Two physicians of the Paris Museum of Comparative Pathology claim to have discovered a cure for snake bites by inoculation

Patrick Ryan, of Lanark, Wisconsin, grew faint and fell into the grave of a friend recently, and received injuries from which he died

The Chan-Santa-Cruz Indians in Yucatan have never been conquered. No white man has ever seen their city, which is defended by a swamp.

In the northern districts of Manitoba dog trains are still in use, and very satisfactory time is made by the animals, who skim over the frozen snow at a rapid rate.

Colonel Bush, of Monroe county, Mo., owns a mule 17 hands high and weighing 1635 pounds. The Colonel claims that the animal is not equaled in height or weight by any mule in that State

Teachers in Baden and some other parts of Germany a hundred years ago were so poorly paid that they used to go about singing in front of the houses in the evening to earn a few extra pennies

Michigan is trying the cumulative sentence plan of discouraging crime. Wm. Carroll, of Deerfield, who is a confirmed thief, got a sentence of 15 years the other day for stealing 20 cents' worth of oats.

At a sale of postage stamps in New York city recently the gem of the collection, the Livingston Alabama stamp, of which, it is said, but three specimens are known to exist, was purchased by N. E. Deats for $576

The blue uniforms of the Austrian army are to be abolished and a sober gray substituted. This is the decision of a committee of experts appointed to investigate and settle the question of the best color for soldiers' clothes.

A lot of spoiled beer was turned into the Sandusky river, near Tiffin, Ohio, one day recently, and it seemed to have an intoxicating effect upon the fish, which are said to have disported themselves in a lively and hilarious manner.

Congressman Whiting, of Michigan, had the misfortune to lose a child the other day, due to fright caused by a dream. The family were awakened late Friday night by the child sitting upright in bed and emitting the most frightful sounds. She died immediately.

Probably the largest basking shark ever caught on the Pacific coast was captured at Monterey, Cal., on March 1st. It is estimated to measure 40 feet in length and to weigh about 50,000 pounds, being much larger and heavier than the one given to the Stanford University.

A practical joker recently sent pictures of W. D. Howells and Archibald Forbes to the police of Chicago to have them identified. The almost unanimous verdict of the police was that, while the photographs were not in the rogues' gallery, they were undoubtedly those of crooks.

One of the most useful institutions of Alexandria, Va., is the parental rod which is always held in pickle at the station house for the use of such parents as desire to escape fines levied for the offences of their unruly children. They are allowed to whip the bad boys at the station house, and in that case the fine is remitted.

The wonderful power of the Lick telescope is well illustrated in an address made by Professor L. A. Mitchell recently. He said that the number of stars visible to the naked eye on a moonless night is about 7000. By the use of so magnificent an instrument as the Lick telescope the number may be increased to 100,000,000.

The quarrel of the two new Justices of the Peace in Rooks county, Kansas, is likely to create a temporary boom in the matrimonial market. One of them advertises that he will unite free of charge the first couple who present themselves together with a desire to be made man and wife, while the other gives it out that he will not only marry the first couple free of all charges, but will give to each a turkey in addition.

LOVE.

BY W. W. L.

Love came to me with tender grace,
Under a radiant sky of June;
And the perfect beauty of her face
Set in my heart love's deathless tune.

Love said good-bye in woe and tears,
When the flowers of summer were dead;
But ever down thro' the lonely years,
My heart with feel love's tread.

MUMMIED ANIMALS.

Not only did the ancient Egyptians embalm the bodies of the human dead, they performed a like operation upon the remains of the sacred animals, though in general less expense and trouble were taken over them, animals being chiefly prepared by soaking in natron.

The list of sacred animals is a long one, though the very ones that were most highly esteemed in some places were most abhorred in others.

The list includes dogs, cats, monkeys, lions, wolves, jackals, foxes, hyenas, bears, ichneumons, shrew-mice, bulls, deer, goats, sheep, hippopotami, vultures, eagles, falcons, hawks, owls, ibis, geese, swallows, crocodiles, toads, lizards, serpents, fish of various kinds, rats, mice, beetles, and even insects and flies.

As a rule, with the large animals, the head only was mummied, the body being represented by pieces of wood. The birds are squeezed together and lose their shape, except the ibis, which, according to Belzoni, is found like a fowl ready to be cooked. The ibis and the hawk appear to have had the most care bestowed upon them, for resin and asphalt are frequently found within their envelopes. Birds in general having been wrapped in their bandages, were then placed in an earthern urn and deposited in the tomb.

No mummies of animals are to be met with in the tombs of the higher class persons; most of them had their own proper sepulchres consecrated and appropriated to their species only, but they were occasionally found mixed.

The catacomb of birds is distinct from the catacomb of human mummies. One bird only is inclosed in each earthern pot, and an infinite number of pots were found in good order, whole and sealed; the hot nature of the materials with which they had been embalmed had, however, dried up the greater number to powder.

Upon the possession of Egypt by the French, upwards of five hundred mummies of the ibis alone were discovered in the catacomb of birds. Certain animals were maintained at the public expense in sacred parks, and persons were appointed to nourish them with the greatest care. Bread, milk, honey, meat, birds, fish, etc., were all supplied according to the nature of animals; no expense was spared; the keepers bore upon their persons the resemblance of the species to which their care was devoted, and people paid marks of respect to them as they passed along. The greatest sorrow was manifested at the death of any of them; they were embalmed and interred with great pomp and splendor.

So great was the veneration in which these animals were held, that though when a famine afflicted Egypt the people were driven to eat human flesh, yet the sacred beasts, birds, reptiles or fishes were always respected; they would rather eat their own species than lay sacrilegious hands upon what might be gods in disguise.

Animals of the lowest character, even noxious insects, were fostered in their temples, nourished by their priests, embalmed after death, entombed with pomp, and received all kinds of honors.

Those who either by accident or design occasioned the death of any of these animals paid the forfeit of their lives as the penalty of the offence. Diodorus Siculus says, "He who has voluntarily killed a consecrated animal is punished with death; but if any one has even involuntarily killed a cat or an ibis it is impossible for him to escape capital punishment; the mob drags him to it, treating him with every cruelty and sometimes without waiting for judgment to be passed."

If a cat died, the owner of the house shaved off his eyebrows, but if a dog died, he shaved his whole head, which would appear to denote that dogs were held in greater veneration than cats. In either case the greatest grief was shown, the people beating themselves on the breast and uttering doleful cries; the animal was then delivered to the embalmer to be prepared and deposited in the proper tomb.

The cat was principally worshipped at Bubastis. Most of the cats that died in Egypt were embalmed and buried there. In the desert valley near to Beni-Hassan is a small temple excavated in a rock, dedicated to the goddess Bubastis, surrounded by different tombs for sacred cats, some cut in the rock. Before the temple, under the sand, there was found a large mound of mummies of cats folded in mats, and mixed with those of dogs; and further on in the desert plain were two large collections of mummies of cats in packets, and covered with ten feet of sand. One tomb was filled with cats carefully folded in red and white linen, the heads covered by masks representing the cat, and made of the same linen.

There have been more mummies of the ibis found in Egypt than of any other bird or animal, but very few in a perfect state. At Memphis there are thousands of them in pots of common stone or blue ware, or of hard polished stone of a lengthened conical figure; even the eggs of the ibis have been found preserved.

Hardly ever have mummied animals been discovered in the human tombs, and never by any chance were amulets put with animals.

Crocodiles were embalmed and deposited in catacombs purposely excavated for them. The small ones were bandaged entire, but when they attained any size only the head was embalmed, the remainder of the animal being represented by stalks of palm trees, bandages, etc. In the caves of Maabdeh, however, entire mummied crocodiles of the largest size have been found perfectly preserved.

In many cases the animals were placed in mummy-pots, in others simply bandaged and laid in the pits, and in only a few instances have they been put in cases like the human mummies.

Grains of Gold.

Earnestness commands the respect of mankind.

Beware of the man who defends any kind of evil.

Some men have the key of knowledge, and never use it.

All human power is a compound of time and patience.

The days are too short for the man who loves his work.

Honor to those whose words or deeds thus help us in our daily needs.

The essence of knowledge is, having it, to apply it; not having it, to confess your ignorance.

Meet the first beginnings; look to the budding mischief before it has time to ripen to maturity.

Every real and searching effort at self-improvement is of itself a lesson of profound humility.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well without a thought of fame.

There is a great deal of genuine selfishness walking up and down in the world that is wearing religion's cloak.

The first main thing a man has to do in this world is to turn his possibilities into powers, or to get the use of himself.

In troubled water you can scarce see your face, or see it little till the water be quiet and stand still; so in troubled times you can see little truth; when times are quiet and settled truth appears.

Femininities.

Fortune does not change men, it unmasks them.

The greatest learning is to be seen in the greatest plainness.

All great women had auburn hair—the malicious called it red.

A young girl can stand up straight and still be bent on marrying.

Some fellows develop amazing speed when they're driven to drink.

Why is love like a Scotch plaid? Because it is all staff and often crossed.

The best woman has always somewhat of a man's strength; the noblest man a woman's gentleness.

In romances the heroines, as a rule, seem to wash very often, because they are always wringing their hands.

According to law a widow is entitled to her third, but the men are generally shy after she has buried her second.

Young man: "What did your pa say when he learned I had kissed your sister?" Little girl: "He said that was encouraging."

If you want to see worldly ambition struggling with a righteous desire to be good, take a woman to church with an old hat on.

If it is true that in union there is strength, how can the fact be accounted for that the strong-minded women are always single?

An Onslow, North Carolina, woman caught a chicken thief recently by sinking a barrel in the floor of her hennery and filling it with tar.

Yellow rubbers to be worn over russet shoes are the latest fad in foot wear. The fashion was originated in Chicago and has made its way East.

A Chinese gentleman very seldom appears in the street with his wife, and can in no circumstances be induced to ride in the same carriage with her.

An auger completed by an Ansonia, Conn., firm, measuring 14 feet long and 3 inches in circumference, is reputed to be one of the largest ever made.

He: "Is this the first time that you have ever been in love, darling?" She, thoughtlessly: "Yes, but it's so nice that I hope it won't be the last!"

"Rest and change are good for people," said the wife as she rose in the night to rifle her husband's pockets. "I've had a rest, and now I think I'll have some change."

Clara, thinking to make Ethel envious: "You can't imagine how delightfully Charlie makes love." Ethel: "Oh, yes, I can. He used to try it with me till I snubbed him."

Ethel: "Do you allow Charles to kiss you when you are not engaged to him?" Maud: "It isn't an allowance. He calls it a perquisite."

A high, stiffly-starched collar that Cassius N. Lawson, of Chicago, wore the other day, saved his life, as a pistol cartridge fired at him by D. J. Soper struck the collar and glanced off.

Indignant remark heard in a horse car: "She don't know anything about shopping. She only went into four stores, and the only excuse she could give was that it was pouring rain."

Aunt Mary Robinson was a familiar character in New York city, having kept an apple stand at the corner of Catharine and Madison streets for two generations. She died recently in her 81st year.

"Did you," he inquired, in an intensely sentimental tone, "never sigh for death?" "Whose?" she inquired, with an interest and promptness that brought him back to earth so fast that he fairly lost his breath.

A cherished treasure in the possession of a Chicago man is a brief autograph letter written by President Abraham Lincoln in October, 1861, which reads: "The lady—bearer of this—says she has two sons who want to work. Set them at it if possible. Wanting to work is so rare a merit that it should be encouraged."

Those who took the trouble to kiss the alleged "Blarney Stone," in the walls of the reproduction of Blarney Castle, in the Midway Plaisance, will be delighted to learn from an official report of Deputy Customs Collector J. F. Ralph that the object of their osculations was a limestone paving block, dug out of the streets of Chicago and palmed off on the customs officers and public as a genuine stone from Blarney, County Cork, Ireland.

A pious and aged Sacome lady, who felt that the end of her mortal existence was close at hand, was settling her bill with her iceman the other day, and took occasion to remark in an earnest way: "I don't suppose I shall take ice of you another year. I expect to pass over the other side of the river before long." "Oh, no trouble, no trouble at all," replied the enterprising iceman; "we send a team over to Biddeford every day." Then he began slowly to grasp the real meaning, and muttered as he picked up his tongs and went out the door: "Some people would be happy to have a piece of ice over there, anyway, I guess."

Masculinities.

Dr. Wilberforce, the new Canon of Westminster, is an inveterate cigarette smoker.

Justice has given Michael Lynch, of Grand Rapids, Mich., five years in the penitentiary for stealing a chicken.

Mrs. Edgin, an Indiana applicant for divorce, testified that her husband had not given her a pleasant word in 31 years.

William H. Morton was elected the other day for the 47th consecutive year as Town Treasurer of Salmon Falls, N. H.

A wealthy New York man has placed an incandescent lamp over the street door of his home to light the way up the front stoop.

Mrs. Mary C. Davis and John Davis, an elderly couple of Emporia, Kan., were lately divorced from each other for the fifth time.

"Mr. Scribbler is a wonderful man—he has such a variety of talents." "I've noticed that. In society he is a lion and at home a bear."

Mr. Henpeck, soliloquizing: "It is when I read of Solomon's many wives that I begin to doubt the great wisdom he is said to have had."

Spouter, the actor, says the only time he ever had stage fright was in Colorado, when 5 masked men held up the coach on which he was traveling.

One of the queer things about juvenile humanity is the fact that the boy who has the measles is invariably the one whose society is most coveted.

A Chinese paper says that Mariano Santa Ana, a native of Albay, who is 117 years of age, has just completed the long term of 58 years' imprisonment.

Wife: "If you go on like this, I shall certainly lose my temper!" Husband: "No danger, my dear. A thing of that size is not easily lost."

Queen Victoria has a wholesome dread of fire. Whenever she goes abroad she always has a couple of fire extinguishers sent out in advance and fitted up in the house where she will reside.

Baron Albert Rothschild recently received a prize for amateur photographic work, and he at once sent a check for $5000 for the use of the next Amateur Photographers' Exhibition.

It is said by experts that practical, even-tempered men usually write a plain, round hand, in which every letter is legible, and that more ambitious men write hastily and carelessly.

"Parker left the Scaddleberry reception in a huff." "Did he? What was the matter?" "His hat check was No. 501. Parker is one of the Four Hundred."

James Bragg, of Hawkinsville, Ga., trained his dog to drive a horse. While Bragg was absent from his team the other day the dog drove it home, and the owner had to walk five miles.

A bill was placed in the shop window of a tradesman in Berlin a short time ago, setting forth: These premises are temporarily closed owing to the marriage of the proprietor. To be reopened in 20 minutes.

A Bangor, Me., woman justifies her act in having abandoned her husband shortly after the wedding by publishing a card, in which she says: "My honeymoon was passed in having my nose pulled nearly off my face by my husband."

"I don't meet you at Miss Svelte's any more." "No; she and I have had a difference of opinion." "Nothing serious, I hope." "Oh, no; only I thought I was the man she ought to marry, and she thought I wasn't."

Rev. Mr. Roberts has resigned the pastorate of his (M. E.) Church in Richland, Kan., because his people didn't seem to appreciate him. In his farewell sermon he laid particular stress upon the fact, with 30 marriageable young men in the flock, he had not received a single fee from that direction last year.

Joseph Jagellon, the postman of the Austrian town of Lemberg, is a lineal descendant in the direct line of the Kings of the Jagellon dynasty who occupied the throne of Poland from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century. Joseph is a faithful worker, and recently received a silver medal from the Government for meritorious service.

Instead of the time-honored "Dearly beloved" or "brethren," in which the pulpit has always addressed its congregation, the famous Canon Body has introduced an innovation in one of the "highest" of English churches. He speaks to the hearers with the simple word "gentlemen." The change is exciting discussion and free comment.

Henry Black, of Americus, Georgia, owns a dog, whose ability as a retriever is deserving of mention. One day recently, while Black was standing on the rear platform of a railroad train, a covey of partridges flew by. Black fired and killed two birds, which his dog quickly found, and, it is said, overtaking the train, laid them at his master's feet.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Braids, which are rarely ever quite out of style, have taken on a more attractive form this season, and are now beaded and spangled and striped with moire, like more pretentious trimmings. Several rows are pinned together, with an open barred effect of beads, with one edge very much fuller, like a ruffle.

The "bow bonnet" is said to be the latest style for evening wear. Wide moire ribbon that has been wired forms this simple affair, which has no frame or band for a foundation. It must be set high on the head, with long drooping ends, or an Alsatian effect, as best becomes the wearer, and be pinned on with jewelled pins.

Old-fashioned grass cloth is revived again. It is finer and more sheer than that of the old days. It comes in ecru with fine white stripes, and is cool and dainty for shirt waists.

The truly esthetic woman will welcome the sashes which have appeared once more. They are worn in the back, tied in front or on the side, as they are most becoming, and are made of soft silk, satin or moire, with long ends falling almost to the bottom of the gown.

Jet certainly has first place among the new trimmings, and will be used in great profusion on hats as well as dresses. Feathers are sprinkled with it, and cream-colored laces are elaborately jetted.

Embroideries of all sorts and kinds will be popular, one of the newest being a thick, butter-colored creation, partaking somewhat of the nature of lace, which will be used alike on dresses of satin, velvet and cloth.

Lace is disposed of in such a variety of ways that there is no room to doubt of its continued popularity. A new way of arranging it on the waist is to cross it in folds from right to left and draw the ends through a Rhinestone buckle, allowing them to fall below or fasten with the buckle.

The new bonnets are refreshing little "spring epics" of fine straw and wreaths of flowers, mounted with two dog's ear bows of black velvet. Colored straws are to be much worn, and one of the peculiar features of their decoration is black violets with green foliage. White violets and mignonettes are among the favorite flowers for trimming black hats.

A dress of the new silk and wool goods made in the latest style, with a draped overskirt, is of olive green, shaded with turquoise blue, and the overskirt and revers have little figures of black silk scattered over the surface.

A gown of basket cloth in eminence of priest's purple, crossed off with seal brown, shows a very popular combination of color. It was made with a plain gored waist and a long coat bodice, with a fitted vest of eminence satin. The basques of the coat reached only to the front dart of the bodice, and were lined with eminence silk spotted in brown.

A huge incroyable bow of brown moire is worn with the gown, and was edged with deep cream lace.

An extremely stylish dinner jacket, which would do service with a variety of skirts, and always make the wearer well dressed, is of black brocaded satin, trimmed with narrow pleatings of black satin ribbon and lace. It has a full vest of bright yellow chiffon, dotted over with tiny half moons in black velvet, the sleeves, perfectly flat and sloping at the shoulders, having full puffs of the same pretty material at the elbow, a frill finishing off the plain cuffs.

Still another is made of soft surah silk, in a lovely shade of grass green. It has a deep sailor collar, edged with a frill of fine black lace, the full basques being finished off in the same way, and further ornamented with an insertion band of lace. The pleated front is also trimmed with insertions of lace, and round the waist passes a band of black satin ribbon.

Dresses all of English crape, instead of being merely trimmed with it, are by the latest edict the correct thing for deepest yet "dressy" mourning.

Almost all the new silks and expensive ginghams are trimmed in some fashion with black lace insertion and black satin rosettes and huge bows of the same are quite the fad of the day.

The duck and heavy linen gowns are made in tailor fashion with lapped seams. A coat and a skirt and a shirt waist of cheviot are required to complete the costume. This seems a worn-out fashion, but it is too comfortable and convenient to give up.

The shirt-waists for summer are quite fancy affairs. Many of those made of silk, gingham or chambray are trimmed with the finest narrow black lace and black lace insertion. The favorite style is made with a plaited, deep collarette, which forms short epaulettes over the shoulders and then narrows into a jabot and wanders down the front of the waist. The collarette is edged with black lace, and bands of the lace insertion form a cuff to the sleeve. Other waists are trimmed with coarse white embroidery or lace.

The card cases, and sometimes even prayer-books, are made of colored leather to match one's gown in these days. For tailor gowns the navy-blue cheviot is just what the woman of fashion is to wear, but it will be combined with red, or, rather, scarlet, silk this season. It is lined throughout with scarlet, a scarlet balayeuse peeps from under the edge of the skirt, and the circular hip-pieces about the waist are lined with scarlet satin, while the new fashion of the stock at the neck is made of scarlet ribbon wound round and round, with a square little bow in front in the new style.

Perpendicular stripes are things of the past, and they have yielded to the horizontal, which cut the figure, and would make even many of the young female giants we see about now look dwarfed; but we wear anything if it is the mode, and are not likely to go against the universal practice in this instance only.

Moire antique ribbons are being made with back of changeable moire. Moire ribbons with satin or frame back are being ordered. Moire antique is the favorite and finds more buyers than the other moires.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Stewed Steak.—Take one and a half pound of steak about half an inch thick, and cut it into pieces of a convenient size for serving—say, two or three inches square—removing all the fat. Put it into a jar; add two tablespoonfuls of water and one of mushroom catchup; cover the jar, put it into a saucepan of water, and let the water in the saucepan boil for one hour. This is an excellent way of cooking stewed steak, and it has the great advantage of requiring no attention. The steak, being in the jar, never gets hotter than a simmering temperature and cannot therefore be spoiled by boiling. It may be garnished with different vegetables—carrots, cauliflowers, green peas etc.—or differently flavored by the addition of olives, etc.

Vegetable Dishes.—A quart of peas sown in a shallow box fifteen inches wide by eighteen inches long, at any time of the year, and cut off when about four or five inches high and boiled like spinach, with a little salt, makes a most delicious dish. The tops of Jerusalem artichokes, cut off about six inches long and boiled like other greens, make a capital dish, which partakes in some degree of the flavor of the root. Boiled watercress also makes a wholesome and delicious dish. It must not however be overboiled.

To Remove Marks from Tables.—Hot dishes sometimes leave whitish marks on varnished tables, when set, as they should not be, carelessly upon them. For removing them, pour some lamp-oil on the spot, and rub it hard with a soft cloth. Pour on a little spirits, and rub it dry with another cloth, and the whole mark will disappear, leaving the table as bright as before.

Meat Fried in Batter.—Have a batter ready of flour, a little salt and baking powder, with eggs and milk, mixed as thick as cream. Cut some slices of underdone mutton or beef, season, and dip them into the batter on both sides, and fry them until they are a light brown. This makes a relishing supper or breakfast dish.

To Remove Bruises from Furniture.—Wet the bruised spots with warm water. Soak a piece of brown paper of several thicknesses in warm water, and lay over the place. Then apply a warm flat-iron until the moisture is gone. Repeat the process if needful, and the bruises will disappear.

Silver Wash.—One ounce of nitric acid, one ten cent piece, and one ounce of quicksilver. Put in an open glass vessel, and let it stand until dissolved; then add one pint of water, and it is ready for use. Make it into a powder by adding whiting, and it may be used on brass, copper, German silver, etc.

Dandelion Salad.—Cut some dandelions as low down as possible, so as to get white stalks; wash them, and mix with an equal quantity of watercress and some chopped up chives or a suspicion of onion. Dress with oil or cream; vinegar is not necessary.

To Soften Water.—Hard waters are rendered very soft and pure, rivaling distilled water, by merely boiling a two-ounce vial, say, in a kettleful of water. The water boils very much quicker at the same time.

Eggs and Cheese.—Poach one egg for each person and lay on a large dish. Grate some cheese over the eggs—as much as desired—and put the dish into the oven until the cheese is melted.

"SHALL women work or shall they marry?" inquires an exchange. They generally have to work if they marry. Put the question in some other form.

A POET'S WORDS.—A writer in a contemporary relates a curious story which he heard from the lips of the late Lord Tennyson during a visit to Farringford some four or five years ago. They were sitting under the shadow of some great magnolias that cover one side of the house, and the conversation turned upon the supernatural and the possibility of communications from the other world. Tennyson then told of a Dissenting minister in one of the New England States noted for his powers as a preacher, who one Sunday morning, instead of reading a text and giving a discourse in the usual way, suddenly, in a most dramatic manner, began to recite "The Charge of the Light Brigade." The congregation listened breathlessly to the end, but, before the service had concluded, elders and people were loud in their anger at the way in which the chapel had been profaned. Their murmurs found the minister wholly unprepared. He had gone into the pulpit intending to speak about the need for charity, and was wholly unconscious of what he had done. Convinced at length by testimony which he could not withstand, he was filled with remorse, went sadly to his room that night, and watched through all hours till the morning, seeking consolation and not finding any. At daybreak they brought him word that a man looking like a tramp wanted to see him urgently. The minister, half from habit, decided to see him. The stranger came straight into the room, and said simply, "I come to thank the man who has saved my soul." The minister stood in silence, wondering whether this was some new mockery of his senses. The stranger went on, "I was all through the Crimea, and I was in the thick of the fight at Gettysburg, but never till I heard you recite that poem in the chapel yesterday did I know what I had to thank God for. Sir, from that hour I determined to change my life, and I want to thank the man to whom I owe my salvation."

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

A CAMDEN man is so rigid in his temperance views that he will not carry an umbrella when it rains, because there is a "stick" in it.

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Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, Asthma,
Bruises, Sprains,**

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No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with diseases may suffer,

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Will Afford Instant Ease.

It was the first and is the only Pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and

CURES

Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

This is to certify that in February, 1890, I had a severe attack of "La Grippe" and cured myself in twenty-four hours by the use of Radway's Ready Relief and Radway's Pills. I had another attack of the same dreadful disease in March, 1891, and used the same remedy with the same result. I do not know Radway & Co., the parties who manufacture these medicines, and I have always put very little faith in "Almanac Certificates," but if these few lines will only induce some suffering one to use the above remedy I will feel amply repaid for writing what I have. Respectfully,

E. L. BROWN.

J. W. BREWER, Ashburn, Pike Co., Mo.—"One bottle of Ready Relief and one box of Radway's Pills cured five in my family of that terrible complaint, 'La Grippe,' or Influenza."

W. THISTLE, Lowestoft, Suffolk, England—"I thank God and you for your Ready Relief and Pills, which have cured me completely of La Grippe."

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF aided by RADWAY'S PILLS is the quickest and most effectual cure for

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

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Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

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Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bonedust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

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Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

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Sick Headache,
Indigestion,
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Constipation,
Dyspepsia.**

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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Recent Book Issues.

"Holidays in England" is an illustrated handbook to an interesting part of the old country, new to the majority of American travelers, between Liverpool and London. It includes some of the finest Cathedrals and Abbeys, the East Anglian homes of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Tennyson and Dickens' country, Cambridge University, and is altogether a most entertaining work. Published by the author, Percy Lindley, 30 Fleet St., London, England.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The complete novel in the April number of "Lippincott's" is "The Flying Halcyon," by Colonel Richard Henry Savage, author of "My Official Wife;" Gilbert Parker's serial, "The Trespasser," reaches its twelfth chapter. Other stories are "Cap'n Patti," and "For Remembrance," by Elizabeth W. Bellamy. Chief-Justice Abraham Fornander tells about "Hawaiian Traditions;" H. C. Walsh explains an interesting experiment in "Co-operative Housekeeping," and there are other fine articles. Published in this city.

"The Popular Science Monthly" for April contains "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," by Andrew D. White; "Trusts Their Own Corrective;" "New Lights on the Problem of Flying," illustrated; "The Method of Homing Pigeons," illustrated; "Incidents of Cambodian Life;" "The Ice Age and its Work;" "A Century of the Telegraph in France," illustrated; "An Illustrative Chapter on Legal Development;" "The Beaver Eater," illustrated;" "The Late Professor Tyndall;" "The Origin of Art," and other articles, with Correspondence, Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany and Notes. Published by Appleton & Co, New York.

The "Eclectic Magazine" for April contains a most rich assortment of excellent articles, among them Fabian Economics; The House of Lords, The Life of Arthur Stanley, Mahommedanism and Christianity, The Story of the Inscriptions, Mothers and Daughters, The Philosophy of Crime, In the Mountains of Egypt, Defence not Defiance, Mr. Ruskin in Relation to Modern Problems, Remarkable Applications of Electricity and many others. Published at 144 Eighth St., New York.

"The Quiver" for April contains an admirable variety for both Sunday and general reading. It opens with an article of deep interest, by Rev. Prof. W. Garden Blaikie, showing "How God Delivers in Times of Need," and other articles are: "The Book of Ruth," second paper, by the Lord Bishop of Ripon; "Some Danger Signals," by Rev. Dr. J. Hiles Hitchens; "The Hush of the Soul," by Rev. P. B. Power, M. A.; "The Women of To-day," a talk with Emily Faithful and other excellent matter. Published at New York.

OF ILLUSIONS.

"Therefore trust to thy heart, and what the world calls illusions;" that is a curious sentence of Longfellow's, and deserves reading again. He is an earnest man, and he does not mean to cheat us; he has done good work in the world by his poems and writings; he has backed up many, and lifted the hearts of many, by pure thought; he means what he says.

Yet what is altogether lighter than vanity?—The human heart, answer the religionist. What is altogether deceitful upon the scales?—The human heart. What is a Vanity Fair, a mob, a hubbub and babel of noises, to be avoided, shunned, hated?—The world. And, lastly, what are our thoughts and struggles, vain ideas, and wishes?—Vain, empty illusions, shadows, and lies. And yet this man, with the inspiration which God gives every true poet—yet he, who is rarely gifted amongst a young and impulsive people, tells us to trust to our hearts, and what the world calls illusions. And he is right.

Now there are of course various sorts of illusions. The world is itself illusive. None of us are exactly what we seem; and many of those things that we have the firmest faith in, really do not exist. When the first philosopher declared that the world was round, and not a plane, as flat and circular as a dinner-plate or a half-penny, people laughed at him, and would have him shut up in a lunatic asylum. They said he had an "illusion;" but it was they who had it.

The inner world of man, no less than the external world, is full of illusions. They arise from distorted vision, from a disorder of the senses, or from an error of judgment upon data correctly derived from their evidence.

Half, not all, of the ghost stories, which are equally dangerous and absorbing to youth, arise from illusion; there they have their foundation, but believers in them obstinately refuse to believe anything but that which their overcharged and predisposed imagination leads them to. Some of us walk about this world of ours—as if it were not of itself full enough of mystery—as ready to swallow any thing wonderful or horrible, as the country clown whom a conjuror will get upon his stage to play tricks with. Fooled by a redundant imagination, delighted to be tricked by her potency, we dream away, flattered by the idea that a supernatural messenger is sent to us, and to us alone. We all have our family ghosts, in whom we more than half believe; each one of us has a mother or a wise aunt, or some female relation, who, at one period of her life, had some wonderful dream, difficult to be interpreted, and foreboding good and evil to a child of the house.

With another sort of philosophers, all round is mere illusion, and the mind of man shall in no way be separated from it; from the beginning to the end it is all the same. Our organization, they would have us believe, creates most of our pleasure and our pain. Life is in itself an ecstacy. "Life is as sweet as nitrous oxide; and the fisherman, dripping all day over a cold pond, the switchman at the railway intersection, the farmer in the field, the negro in the rice swamp, the fop in the street, the hunter in the woods, the barrister with the jury, the belle at the ball, all ascribe a certain pleasure to their employment, which they themselves give to it. Health and appetite impart the sweetness to sugar, bread, and meat."

So Fancy plays with us; but while she tricks us she blesses us. The mere prosaic man, who strips the tinsel from everything, who sneers at a bridal, and gladdens at a funeral; who tests every coin and every pleasure, and tells you that it has not the true ring; who checks capering Fancy and stops her carscolling by the whip of Reality, is not to be envied.

"In the life of the dreariest alderman, Fancy enters into all details, and colors them with a rosy hue," says Emerson. "He imitates the air and action of people whom he admires, and is raised in his own eyes. . . . In London, in Paris, in Philadelphia, in San Francisco, the masquerade is at its height. Nobody drops his domino. The chapter of fascinations is very long. Great is paint; nay, God is the painter; and we rightly accuse the critic who destroys too many illusions."

Every one acts with self-interest; his doctor, his friend, or his valet, will be sorry for his death merely from the amount of money interest that they have in his life. Bare and grim unto tears, even if he had any, is the life of such a man. With him, sadder than Lethe or the Styx, the river of Time runs between stony banks, and, often a calm suicide, it bears him to the Morgue. Happier by far is he who, with whitened hair and wrinkled brow, sits crowned with the flowers of illusion, and who, with the ear of age, still remains a charmed listener to the songs which pleased his youth, trusting "his heart and what the world calls illusions."

HIS LAST WALTZ.—In 1867, when Bismarck was on a visit to the Paris Exhibition with his Royal master—the King of Prussia—he attended a Court ball at the Tuileries. Madame Carette, who was in attendance on the Empress Eugenie, as the cotillon was in progress, felt a strong inclination to dance with Prince Bismarck, and offered him a bouquet of roses as an intimation that he was selected as partner for a waltz.

Bismarck accepted the invitation and danced in fine style with the beautiful Madame Carette, to the admiration of the Sovereigns and the entire Court.

At the conclusion of the waltz Prince Bismarck took from the button-hole of his diplomatic dress coat an artificial rose-bud and presented it to his fair partner, saying—

"Please to keep this rose-bud in memory of the last waltz I shall ever dance in my life—a waltz I shall never forget."

MEDICINE AND CATS.—A New-Yorker had an Angora cat upon which he set a great value. Unhappily she was in somewhat frail health; but she could not be persuaded to take medicine. It was put into her milk and mixed with her meat; but all such experiments were unsuccessful. Attempts to force it into her mouth and down her throat proved equally unavailing; she would not take the disagreeable dose. At last a young Irish girl just from the old country was received into the kitchen, and heard of the cat difficulty. "Sure," said she, "give me the medicine and some lard, and I'll warrant she'll be 'ating all I give her!" She mixed the powder and the grease, and smeared the cat's sides with the compound. Pussy at once began licking herself clean, and of course swallowed the medicine. The master of the house expressed his pleasure and gratitude. "Faith," said the girl, "in Ireland everybody knows how to give medicine to a cat!"

FOOD FOR THE SICK.—Raw eggs are among the most valuable resources in feeding the sick. They supply a liquid food which is not only highly nutritious, but also easily digestible. Few patients will care to attempt to swallow them whole, and by slowly stirring, to blend the white and the yelk, the dose, says a medical contemporary, is rendered less unpleasant. Eggs should never be beaten to a froth, as in that state they are indigestible, and invite flatulence and other dyspeptic symptoms. The whites of eggs are a form of nourishment admirably suited to stomach and intestinal disorders attended with inflammation.

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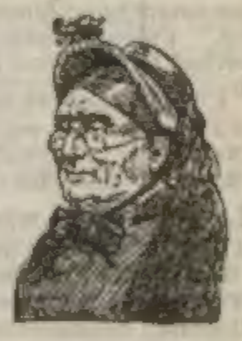

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THAT LITERARY SENSATION IS

SAMANTHA at SARATOGA.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE

(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in balmy breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

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THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE
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The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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Equal with the interest of those having claims against the government is that of INVENTORS, who often lose the benefit of valuable inventions because of the incompetency or inattention of the attorneys employed to obtain their patents. Too much care cannot be exercised in employing competent and reliable solicitors to procure patents, for the value of a patent depends greatly, if not entirely, upon the care and skill of the attorney.

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☞ Cut this out and send it with your inquiry. ☜

Humorous.

AT FIRST SIGHT.

First time we ever met, my dear,
My inmost soul was thrilled;
With strange and new emotions then
My smitten heart was filled.

Your very presence seemed to bring
A sweet and softened glow;
But after I knew more of you,
I said it "didn't go."

—U. N. Nose.

The calendar is a reminder that our days are numbered.

"I'm quite immersed in my business," said the teacher of swimming.

Waiter: "De usual steak, sah?" Regular customer: "No; I am tired to-night. Bring me a plate of hash."

Baker: "So you want a situation in my bakery; have you ever had any experience?" Young girl: "Yes, sir; I have been a flower-girl for three years."

Actor: "When I am acting I forget everything about me; I see nothing but my role; the public disappears entirely."
Friend: "I don't wonder at that."

Miss Gush: "Oh, Colonel, just look at those magnificent elms! I am sure you love trees." Colonel Blank: "Dearly, Miss Gush. I learned to love them during the war."

"I saw a ship at sea the other day," said Flittery, "that wasn't on the water."
"Nonsense! That's absurd!"
"Absurd?—not a bit of it. She was on fire."

Little Dot: "I wish you'd come here and help me to mend my doll's crib."
Little Dick: "I'm tired."
"You needn't do any work. Jes hold sis nail while I hammers it in."

Manager: "I can't use your cantata, professor; but I know a man who has plenty of money, and if he could hear it he'd buy it."
Professor, eagerly: "Introduce me!"
Manager: "I will, but he's deaf and dumb."

Groom: "Dese yere papers neber git things right!"
Bride: "How so?"
Groom: "Why, it says we wuz married at Hymen's altar—and it was at ole Pahson Johnson's, that's how."

Little boy, with a bad tooth and a swollen face: "Oh, dear! I wish I was grandpa or else the baby."
Mother: "Why?"
Little boy: "Grandpa's teeth are all gone and baby's hasn't come yet."

Doctor: "It was the most difficult case I ever saw. I exhausted every resource on him, and at last I was successful with a very complicated system of injections of cocaine."
Cobbler: "But, doctor, he died."
Doctor: "I know very well he died, but he died cured."

An old toper was ill in the hospital with fever. "Will you give me something to drink?" he asked, faintly, of the nurse. "Certainly, sir," said the nurse, offering him a glass of water. He put up his hand feebly. "Give it to me in a teaspoon, please," he whispered, huskily, "till I get used to it."

Ancient coquette: "What, you are a Major already? How time flies! Do you remember how often you used to play with me when I was a little girl?"
Major: "That was my father."
A. C.: "Oh, no, Major."
Major: "Then it was my grandfather."

Farmer Cobbe: "How much is it for pulling a tooth?"
Dentist: "We charge a dollar if you take gas."
Farmer Cobbe: "Gee, whiz! Why, I read in the papers that gas only costs a dollar for a thousand feet, and if you was to fill me up from tip to toe, 'twouldn't take but six foot. Not to-day, young man."

Mother: "Well, did you get that situation as office boy?"
Little son: "No."
"What was the matter?"
"Don't know. The gentleman was a lawyer, and he asked me if I was a good whistler, and I told him I was the best whistler on our street, and he said I wouldn't do. I think he must want a regular professional."

They were sitting on the porch, and it was growing late. "Would you mind if I lighted a cigar, Miss Clara?" he asked.
"Certainly not, Mr. Simpson," she replied.
And presently the old man, who was getting desperate, spoke from an open window above.
"Daughter," he said, "I left my fishing boots near the kitchen fireplace, and you had better see to them. I can smell something burning."

Tramp, with an old school-book: "Say, mister, will yer kindly tell me what letter this is?"
Citizen: "Certainly. That's L. Can't you read?"
"No, sir; but I'm trying ter learn, and I shant rest till I do, nuther."
"I am delighted to find so laudable an emotion in one of your class. You have taken the right course at last."
"Yes, sir. It's mighty rough on a traveler like me not ter be able to tell whether a sign says 'Beware of the Dog' or 'Free Lunch Opening.'"

How and Where Peanuts Grow.—There is much doubt as to the original home of the peanut. Some claim that it is indigenous to Africa; others that it was a native of South America, and was carried by the earlier explorers of that country to Spain, and thence to Africa.

The earliest authentic tradition tells of its appearance in Eastern North Carolina, probably brought there by some of the slave-ships landing cargoes along the coast. The native Africans recognized and used them.

Peanuts grow upon a trailing vine with leaves much resembling a small four-leaved clover. The small yellow flower it bears is shaped like the blossom of all the pea family; indeed, the Agricultural Bureau in Washington does not recognize the peanut as a nut at all but classes it among beans.

The soil in which it is cultivated must be light and sandy; after the flower falls away the flower-stalk elongates and becomes rigid, curving in such a way as to push the forming pod well below the surface of the earth; if by any accident this is not done the nut never matures.

They are planted in rows about three feet apart, and the vines spread until the ground is covered by them. Harvesting is done after the first frost, and the yield is often 100 bushels to the acre, making this a more profitable crop than wheat or cotton. The vines, with the nuts clinging to them, are torn up with pronged hoes, and allowed to dry in the sun a day or two and then stacked to cure. In about a fortnight the nuts are picked off, the empty ones, which are technically called "pops," being rejected. This is done by hand, and is slow work, as an expert laborer can pick only three bushels a day. They come into market in a rough, dirty state, unassorted, and with the tendrils clinging to the pods.

Eastern Virginia and North Carolina produce all the peanuts consumed in the United States and Canada.

Mad a Sensation.—The latest idea of a well-known millionaire is a jewelled turtle.

About a month ago this millionaire walked into a jeweller's shop with a common land turtle or tortoise, which he had captured in the woods near by, laid it on the counter, and gave a most astounding order, remarking—

"I'll give the people something to talk about."

And he certainly did, for he ordered the shell of the turtle to be incrusted on the outer edge with a heavy layer of gold of etruscan finish. In the centre of its horny back he ordered an emerald to be placed.

At various points in the shell he had inserted small but pure diamonds. A massive silver chain was attached to the shell.

At his magnificent country seat the erratic millionaire had constructed on his lawn a reproduction in rocks, bushes, and ferns of the spot from which the tortoise had been taken. In this place, which the rich man called a "turtlearium," the highly decorated reptile is permitted to roam the length of his silver chain.

The neighbors now expect to see the horns of his cattle gold-plated, his horses shod with silver, and diamond drops in the ears of his fancy pigs.

A Successful Wooer.—A youthful artist declares that a newly-betrothed lover commissioned him to paint a certain secluded nook in the rocks on the shore, because there he had declared his passion. The picture was painted, but before it was done the lover said to the artist: "Of course I will see you through on that picture, but my engagement is off, and, of course, it would be painfully suggestive to me. If you can sell it to somebody else I will take another picture, and be extremely obliged besides!" The painter assented to the arrangement, but within a week his patron again presented himself. "It is all right," he announced, joyously. "I'll take that picture." "Am I to congratulate you on the renewal of your engagement?" the artist asked. The other seemed a little confused, but quickly recovered his self-possession, and grinned, as he said: "Well, not exactly. It was the same place, but the girl was different."

Difficulty of Excellence.—It is certain that if every one early enough be made to feel how full the world is already of excellence, and how much must be done to produce anything worthy of being placed beside what has already been produced—of a hundred youths who are now poetizing, scarcely one would feel enough of courage, perseverance, and talent to work quietly for the attainment of a similar mastery. Many young painters would never have taken the pencil in hand if they could have felt, known and understood, early enough, what really produced a master like Raphael.

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

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No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frisettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '83. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.
Very respectfully,
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Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

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4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.37, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, dining cars, p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.00, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.30 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut, 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.20, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 7.30 p m, 12.15 night.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 8.15 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6 00 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

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